

Love Jingyi

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Love Jingyi

by [Necromancer_Druid](#)

Summary

Everyone knew that Lan Shizui was Yiling Patriarch's and Hangguan-jun's well loved and appreciated son. And everyone knew that the couple was very fond of juniors in general.

But when, and more importantly HOW, did Jingyi become their kid??

Or: four times Wifi and LWJ showed they loved their second son and one time Jingyi returned the favour.

Notes

Ok, so this is my first time posting here and this is terrifying but HERE WE GO! Also, I don't speak any form of Chinese, nor do I know really anything about it's culture. If you notice something or just want to give advice, be sure to comment! Also, English is not my first language, but I try my best. NOW TO THE NOTE ITSELF!

I just wanted to have some FUCKING FLUFF. And my plot bunnies tried to bury me alive, so I wrote this.

Because Jingyi needs and deserves love!

Jingyi is an orphan in this one.

Takes place in an AU universe, where nobody died except:

- The Wens Nobody Liked
- Jin Guanshan
- Jin Guangyao
- Xue Yang

Wen Ning and Wen Qing are very much alive and kicking.

Wei Wuxian and Lan Wangji are married. Wei Wuxian never died.

Edit: I was asked by a friend what I think about podfics. And I just wanted you to know that I approve and give permission to use any of my own finished fics. As long as you give a shoutout too ;3

Love is Acceptance

Among the disciples of other sects there was a myth. The myth had lived on for more than few generations now, and would most certainly live on for more than few more. The myth was so well known, that most thought that it was actually true! That Lan Qiren was THE strictest and scariest teacher in all of Gusu. That if there was someone all unruly students and slackers should be afraid of, then that was him.

HAH! Those naive fools!

Sure, the elder man was a bit strict and liked surprise quizzes out of nowhere and yes, most of his students lived in fear of his ire. But the elder Lan wasn't a demon or fierce corpse that would beat them to death if they slacked off or broke rules a bit. Maybe it was because of Senior Wei, but the elder man had mellowed out a great deal through out the years. (Poor man was just so tired. He wanted ONE relative that was not *a love-struck fool*. *JUST. ONE.*) And honestly, Lan Jingyi actually liked the man well enough. He was more than willing to share his knowledge and explained their errors in their assignments. And, if Jingyi caught him alone on a good day and lowered his own volume, then they could really have a good time! They would just sit somewhere quiet, drink tea and discuss whatever. Mostly literature or some current events.

(He dared to even say that the elder man was fond of him. Thought, maybe that was just wishful thinking.)

No, Lan Qiren wasn't the teacher people should REALLY be afraid of, Jingyi thought as he waited for Hanguang-jun to call his name. When he walked up to the front and took his test papers back with a small bow, he trembled. His breath hitched when he saw the slight furrow of the mans eyebrows. Yup. He was screwed.

"Jingyi. Stay after class." Lan Wangji's voice was soft, so that the rest of the class wouldn't hear, but his tone was firm. No escape then. Jingyi nodded pathetically and returned to his seat. Lan Sizhui glanced at him worriedly, but Jingyi waved it away with little interest. Jingyi was already looking through the exam and seeing all the mistakes made him wince. Hanguang-jun wouldn't even had had to mark them- they are so obvious that he felt frustration and shame coloring his cheeks. At the end, there was a note that said: "There is no consistence or structure. Many grammar errors were also present. We will be looking over this, Jingyi."

Yup. The second jade definitely wasn't impressed with his performance.

It's not like Jingyi had been slacking off either! He actually asked Sizhui for help with studying, but apparently it wasn't enough. Somehow, all their weeks of studying and re-explaining and notes no longer made sense when the exam was in front of him. Words jumbled together and his ability to focus just flew out the window like a damn cite. And his handwriting was horrible. Just... *Horrible*. He had used far too much force and his strokes

were all over the place. It was a miracle that Hanguang-jun had even been able to read this! Just going over this was *embarrassing*.

For once, Lan Jingyi could have sat in that class for hours. But sadly, it ended way faster than he would have wanted it to. Sizhui kept glancing at him until he was half forced out by their friends. Jingyi didn't even need to look to know that all of their papers had passable marks, or excellent in Sizhui's case. He appreciated their worrying, but right now he really wished he could stop. It only made him feel worse. Once he was alone in the classroom with the older man, he silently walked up to Lan Wangji and bowed.

"Hanguang-jun wanted to talk to me?" Lan Wangji simply nodded, his expression pristine as ever. He motioned for Jingyi to straighten up and then reached his hand out. He immediately handed over his papers and watched as his teacher lied it on the table next to one of his other assignments. It was one of his better ones. He was actually pretty proud of that one, to be honest. (And he sure was.) But refused to boast about it, even to his best friend, as it was forbidden to be too prideful. Thought now, as Hanguang-jun waved for him to come take a closer look, he only felt anxiety and none of that pride. Was it the same? Had he made that many grammar mistakes? Suddenly, he didn't want to see any of his papers at all.

Still, Jingyi followed dutifully as his teacher pointed out his mistakes. He nodded along, feeling a bit ashamed when the correct answers were explained to him. By the end of it, Jingyi felt truly frustrated but he thanked his teacher anyway. "Thank you for teaching this disciple."

Lan Jingyi raised his head when he didn't immediately hear the expected dismissing 'hm' from his mentor. Lan Wangji was seemingly just looking at him, but from the slight furrow of his brows and the small huff he let out through his nose, Jingyi knew that his teacher wanted to say something more. (He and Sizhui had been learning from Senior Wei and Zewu-jun how to read Lan Wangji. The man had been opening up a little more, thanks to Wuxian's insistent encouragement. While the second master was getting better at it, knowing a bit more about his body language honestly helped a great deal. Jingyi wasn't probably as good as Sizhui or Senior Wei, but he was getting there.) So, bit hesitant but aware his teacher might need a little nudge, Jingyi mumbled: "Hanguang-jun?"

"Knows Jingyi can do better." Lan Wangji spoke softly, after a while. Jingyi tensed immediately and he was about to say something (What? Excuses for his slacking or straight up denial? He had absolutely no idea), when Hanguang-jun continued. "Knows Jingyi did his best too. Something wrong?"

"No! I mean, yes- well no... I..." Jingyi unwittingly exclaimed. He bite his cheeks insides to keep himself from continuing and humiliating himself further. His hands pressed into tight fists and he let his gaze fall to the floor. He couldn't look into his idol's eyes. "This disciple apologizes most sincerely. I spoke out of turn."

Suddenly, Jingyi felt a hand gently land on top of his head. It kind of reminded him of how Senior Wei would mess with their hair after they did something that impressed him or he thought they were being 'good'. Only, this hand wasn't nearly as rough. It felt really nice, with how it was slid along with the rest of his hair and softly pressed against his head. (He could see why those rabbits liked this so much.) While he REALLY just wanted to close his eyes,

surprise helped him to raise his gaze back up. Lan Wangji's expression hadn't changed really, but the furrow on his forehead ceased out of existence. His eyes looked somehow really warm. Like he understood.

"Jingyi did nothing wrong. All is well." Lan Wangji wasn't good with words, but he tried. And as long as the message got through, that's all that mattered. And going by the way Jingyi's fists opened, he got through.

Jingyi started to tremble slightly. Hanguang-jun wasn't disappointed? He wasn't being scolded for making mistakes? He... Had not expected that.

With a small sniffle, Jingyi tried to explain himself again. "It's just... Whenever I'm in class, it feels so hard to focus. Words don't make sense and they get easily lost. When I'm studying alone or with Sizhui, I have none of those problems. He explains until I understand... And I know the answers. I know them. But whenever I sit down to do an exam, it's like I can't even read anymore."

Lan Wangji listened patiently, all the while caressing the young man's hair. Jingyi started to relax. He felt like Hanguang-jun wouldn't judge him over this. (The only one he had told about this, was Sizhui. And even then, his best friend had had to drag it out of him.)

"I'm just... Frustrated. I get anxious over a stupid paper and suddenly I can't even write a descent report."

"En." Lan Wangji nodded, understanding that well. He if someone knew how it felt, not being able to convey one's thoughts out properly. He stopped petting the young disciple and waited until their gazes met. "Should have said something earlier. Wei Ying and I will help you study. Will ask brother too. Could help with anxiety."

.. What now?

"Oh..." Jingyi felt heat gathering on his cheeks and he turned to stare at his toes. Why had this suddenly become such a big matter?? He didn't want to bother any of them with something like this! Lan Wangji had more than enough work already! Even Senior Wei was busy enough, finally having gotten permission from Lan Qiren to teach some classes and help with training the juniors. And while Zewu-jun had come out of seclusion, he still preferred to keep a bit of a distance. (Elders were annoyed by it, but in fear of Lan Wangji's and Wei Wuxian's rage, they did not comment.) And it wasn't like they had that much time either. Sizhui being the head discipline, it was hard enough for Jingyi to try and gather enough time for their study sessions and they did EVERYTHING together! And this would definitely cut into Sizhui's rare time with his fathers, which Jingyi absolutely refused to do. He was NOT about to steal his friend's dads just because he couldn't write more than too words on paper!

Determined, Jingyi bowed. "Thank you Hanguang-jun, but that would be too much. I promise I will get better results next time-"

Jingyi's speaking got cut by the openly disappointed look that came over Lan Wangji's face. Well, at the most, the corners of his lips dropped a bit and his brows shifted downwards... But it was the most open expression Jingyi had ever seen on the respected Second heir!

"Does... Jingyi not want help?"

"Ah, that's not what I meant Hanguang-jun!"

Lan Wangji was actually really disappointed. He had hoped he could be of help to the young disciple, who he had known for as long as Sizhui. Maybe even longer, actually. He DID remember the boy's parents, or at least his elder grandmother. But he really started to KNOW the boy when Sizhui had dragged his new friend to meet his fathers for the first time. The boy had been so straight forward (almost rude), but confused by them but overall a sweet child. Wei Ying had immediately adored him, wasting no time before he was teasing and snickering at the two kids. Lan Wangji had just been happy, that their son had made a friend.

But he really did like Jingyi. The young man was loud but righteous, quick to anger but also quick to make friends. He was loyal and hard working. He and Sizhui balanced one another very well, but the young man was also very capable and likable on his own. While others might have called him graceless or rash, to Lan Wangji, he was what a Lan SHOULD be. It also helped, how much the boy reminded Lan Wangji of his dear Wei Ying when they were young.

(Trying his best to follow their sect's many rules, to be studious and respectful. Fighting with himself over whenever he should bend to the will of others or go his own way. Making friends and enemies, picking fights as he went... Yes. Jingyi really reminded Lan Wangji of young Wei Ying.)

So when he saw the boy struggle, he had wanted to spring to help. He often had, even when they were younger. But he had hoped, that the boy would come ask for help when he hit a wall. These children were growing fast, and while he had tried to give them room to figure things out themselves, he was starting to think that it was time to step in. Nothing would happen, if the boy wasn't given a little push.

Lan Wangji bent over and moved his hand down from on top Jingyi's head to his shoulder. He waited until the boy was again looking him directly in the eyes, before he spoke. Slowly, and calmly. "Jingyi can ask for help. Will not be a bother. Happy to help."

Jingyi blushed, but nodded. He felt embarrassed, but he recognized the effort Lan Wangji put into comforting and reassuring him. He really meant it. "Then... If Hanguang-jun would be so generous as to help this disciple, then he would be very grateful."

"En. Will talk more after diner. Should go now. Sizhui is waiting."

Jingyi genuinely smiled and nodded. Lan Wangji nodded too, back to his silent composition. The older man rose to his full height and gently patted Jingyi's shoulder. Jingyi took his exam back and bowed, before rushing out the door. He really appreciated this, but by gods how awkward that was! All that attention and concern was just so. MUCH. He could clearly see how much Sizhui took after his fathers...

Speaking of Sizhui, he really was waiting for him. The youth's face brightened when he came out, but it quickly sifted into concern, when he saw his best friend's red face. He knew his father was concerned about Jingyi's progress and was often a little more strict with him, but

he really hoped that it hadn't been anything too bad. (Maybe they should go to Caiyan city when they were free again? He could ask Dad to cover for them.) Before Sizhui got to ask anything, Jingyi speed walked to up to him and started to drag him away. Jingyi was determined to talk about the most embarrassing and awkward conversation he had with his teacher- HIS BEST FRIEND'S FATHER!- and they really should get ready for their night hunt. He was so glad they decided on this day. He really needed to wind out after that!

"Jingyi? Why are you so red? Did something happen?"

"Nope! It's nothing!"

"Jingyi? Jingyi??"

Lan Wangji listened as the kids made their way down the hall and smiled to himself. Wei Ying would love to hear how adorable their sons were.

Love is Support

Chapter Summary

Jingyi won't stop pouting and Wei Ying decides that a bit of fun is in order.

Chapter Notes

Takes place in an AU universe, where nobody died except

- The Wens Nobody Liked
- Jin Guanshan
- Jin Guangyao
- Xue Yang

Wen Ning and Wen Qing are very much alive and kicking.

Wei Wuxian and Lan Wangji are married. Wei Wuxian never died.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

This guqin class was going to be the death of him. Or no, he would be dead after being charged for murdering his class and teacher. As if to drive his point in, a very, very unpleasant "scree" was heard as Jingyi tried to silence the wrong strings. And almost cut it. His classmates expressions were not very serene.

Lan Jingyi really loved his sect. If anyone asked him, then he would shamelessly say that Gusu Lan Sect was the best. Well, not in those exact words. (Rules forbid it.) But he would make the BEST arguments for it! He sincerely believed, that Gusu Lan sect was the most just, serene and orderly sect there was.

Which sadly made him stick out even more.

Sure, there were other disciples who acted up every now and then. Who broke rules and actively were against some of them. Those who were more outgoing than their sect would really like them to be. But they all still held that patient, regal air. Air that spoke of harmony. That he clearly lacked.

When he pulled a chord wrong at the wrong place, Jingyi only frowned. The rest of the class and even the teacher however actually flinched. They flinched because of that one, small, ghastly note. When he finished, teacher thanked him. He was not asked to play again until the lesson was over.

Jingyi didn't really mind. He wasn't the best at guqin, but he tried his best. Honestly, he mostly did it so that Sizhui wouldn't feel lonely there. But it did annoy him, when other

disciplines would give him those pained looks. Like his very voice- no, his entire EXISTENCE was a painful note to them. Even Sizhui did that! Well, not like THAT. But he did kind of tent to hold his ears after playing with Jingyi. When he asked what was wrong, he would only give these vague answers, that really didn't help him. Sure, maybe Sizhui didn't want to hurt his feelings but the way he left it unspoken just hurt more!

The rain clouds that hung over him in the classroom, sadly followed him to night hunt as well. His mood could not be shaken, even by his friends' attempts. However, Jingyi's quiet sulking was cut by the sight of lanterns and sound of a bustling city. He vaguely heard Senior Wei say something, but he was too focused to looking around in wonder to actually hear it at first.

"Senior Wei? Is this really okay?" Ouyang Zizhen asked, making Wei Ying chuckle. The juniors around him were gazing around the city, eyes wide with awe and excitement. Yet they still had the manners to wait for their seniors, instead of running off. Ah what good children they were! Wen Ning smiled softly when he saw them pointing at booths and whispering among themselves. He was just happy to see that they still knew how to enjoy small joys of life.

"Well, we are already here. It would be waste not to enjoy the festival while we are here!" Wei Ying hummed. The juniors (Sizhui, Jingyi, Ouyang Zizhen and Jin Ling) had gotten a new mission recently and Wei Ying had decided to join them. Not that he didn't trust Wen Ning, hell, he probably did better job at this than he did. And thought he was always thoroughly amused by how flustered Wen Ning got whenever he was praised by the kids- (It was simply ADORABLE how all the juniors admired the shy master archer)- he just really missed his juniors. And well. Even he had noticed that there was tension in the group. And he did not like what the source of it was.

"Lets just find an inn first and then you can run off where you want to. But take a pair with you!" The juniors brightened up and quickly started looking for the closest inn. Wen Ning and Wei Ying followed behind them, just a bit further away. Wei Ying tapped his friends shoulder, making the other turn more towards him. Wei Ying nodded towards the juniors ahead them. "Wen Ning, do you think you could keep Sizhui busy for a while?"

Wen Ning nodded, thought he looked very confused by this. "Of course. But why?"

Wei Ying smiled dejectedly. He watched as juniors walked- Jin Ling and Zizhen in the front, with Sizhui in the middle just behind their heels and Jingyi trucking few paces behind. "I need to chat with Jingyi a bit. He has been having a bit of mood lately."

"Ah, I see." Wen Ning nodded his high ponytail swinging because of it. He also glanced at the young man, frowning. He hadn't noticed it before, because others had taken his attention, but Jingyi was really looking... Out of it. It wasn't a fitting expression on the young boy. He really hoped that his friend could cheer up his (kinda?) nephew.

When they finally found an inn, Wei Ying reserved rooms for them and then they split up. Wen Ning asked for Sizhui's help to look for a present for his sister. Sizhui agreed, thought he did seem a little baffled by the sudden request. Ling and Zizhen left to roam, not really having a goal other than enjoying the festival. Jingyi seemed like he wanted to go and listen

to the musicians, so Wei Ying half dragged him over to them. And even though he whined the whole way, the way his eyes sparkled and how he quieted down to listen were enough for Wei Wuxian to know that he was more than pleased.

As they walked around, Wei Wuxian finally decided to start digging. "How has your tutoring with Lan Zhan went so far? He said you are pretty quick to grasp the idea once you found a way to learn."

Jingyi frowned and Wei Ying really had to stop himself from changing the subject. The youth hadn't outright yelled anything, so he wasn't against answering it. He probably needed a bit of time to process the question and how to answer it. Just as he thought, after a while the boy did speak up.

"Why are you asking? You know how I'm doing fine. You ARE my teacher too." Jingyi grumbled, still staring at the dancers and musicians. Wei Ying chuckled.

"Yes, but I want to know what you think. You've been working very hard. Yet, it looks like it has hardly changed your mood." He spoke. Jingyi's frown deepened and he actually looked annoyed, so Wei Ying put his hand on his shoulder. Both to calm him and keep him from fleeing.

"Jingyi. You can tell me if something is bothering you." He murmured. The youth was still tense, but he was wavering. He could tell. So he continued poking the beehive. "I know you have Sizhui and Lan Zhan to talk to, but just in case..."

That seemed to be the last straw. Jingyi shook his head a bit, thought it was weak. Wei Ying smiled softly and pulled the younger boy away from the crowd. Jingyi didn't protest. Though he hardly acted like it, Jingyi DID respect his senior. He was even willing to admit that he actually liked the man now. Senior Wei wasn't like anyone he had ever met. He was carefree, mischievous, CHAOTIC and reliable. His presence demanded attention and yet he was so casual and humble it was hard not to respect him.

So when the man dragged him away from the festivities to a quiet riverbed in the town, he wasn't wary or tense. He actually relaxed, when the older man made him sit by his side. Wei Ying threw his arm over the other's shoulder and pulled him a bit closer in a half embrace. Jingyi made a weak attempt to escape but it was futile for the appearance. Wei Ying smirked.

"Well? Are you going to talk willingly or do I have to drag Sizhui here?" Wei Ying asked. Jingyi was quiet for a long time but just as Wei Ying was going to push him a bit more, he sighed.

"Do you think me playing guqin is a mistake?" Jingyi murmured. His voice was so soft and raw that it made Wei Ying pause. He was not expecting that.

"Why do you ask?" Wei Ying asked instead of answering. He was a bit curious. Jingyi was always so sure about his doings and rarely second-guessed things. Jingyi looked down into the river and Wei Ying couldn't help but think that the youth reminded him frighteningly much of himself. (Or Jiang Cheng. Honestly, the man was the very embodiment of sulkiness. Just a lot snappier.)

"Because I just don't seem to get a hang of it. And whenever I DO play, it seems like I'm only torturing the rest of the class." Jingyi huffed, annoyed. Listening to the musicians had been fun and he really, really wished he could do that too. But the memory of the last class made his teeth clench. For whatever reason, all the pressure he usually had when he talked with adults was not present right now. Senior Wei hummed and Jingyi felt an urge to keep going. So, he did.

"You know, I can't understand why Sizhui likes guqin so much. It's a drag to move it anywhere and those strings are so hard to tune right! And, and, if I press it even slightly too much it will change the note and possibly even ruin it! And it's so quiet! Unless someone like Hanguang-jun plays it or you use spiritual energy, they need to listen super carefully to hear even a sound! The instrument as a whole is so delicate and difficult that it's ridiculous! It's so frustrating!"

For a moment, it was dead quiet. Jingyi had to stop to breathe while Wei Ying mulled over this in his head. He wasn't really SURPRISED. He had thought that the instrument was a poor match for the young boy, but if he wanted to play it, who was he to argue? However, he was confused as to why he still DID play if he didn't even like the instrument.

"So... Why do you play?" Wei Ying voiced out his thoughts. He tried to be careful and considerate, but he would not get anywhere if he didn't go straight to the problem. Jingyi drew his knees up to his chin and pressed closer.

"I wanted to be like others ok? I wanted to be able to look refined and well schooled, like everyone else! I just... I just really wanted to belong." Jingyi sighed. He dropped his head against his knees and groaned a bit. It sounded so stupid. So, so childish. (Yet it was what he wanted more than anything.) "I thought, that if I would be able to play it, people would take me bit more seriously. Like Hanguang-jun. Or Sizhui. It's childish, I know."

"No, I don't think you are being childish." Wei Ying quickly corrected the disciple and rubbed the boy's shoulder (Damn... Lan Zhan was right. Jingyi was a lot like him.) "Jingyi, you were just looking for a way to express yourself and make others acknowledge you. It's completely normal. But you are trying to showcase the wrong parts of yourself. And in a way that doesn't suit you."

Jingyi didn't turn to look at him, but he was listening. Wei Ying took silence for approval and continued. "You are quick witted and righteous in your own way. But you are NOT patient enough to play the guqin, as you pointed out. You have thousands of thoughts flowing in your mind all the time. That's hard to quiet down. And while playing guqin, one must have clear mind and firm hold on their feelings. I think that has been mirroring in your playing. And people in Gusu are more likely to notice something like that. However." Wei Ying turned to look at Jingyi, ruffling his hair with no mercy. The youth yelped from surprise and annoyance, glaring at the older man once he stopped. Wei Ying's smile was soft as he glanced down at the pouting junior.

"However. That doesn't mean you don't belong. It just means that you have to learn how to filter what you want your music to express. And if guqin really isn't suited for you and you don't enjoy it, then you should try other instruments too."

Jingyi was... Surprised. That sounded far more mature than what he was expecting. (It did make him smile. ONLY A BIT!) Wei Ying pulled the youth into a full hug and this time, Jingyi let it happen. He closed his eyes and leaned against Wei Ying's shoulder. It felt nice. It had been a long time since someone other than Sizhui hugged him.

"And if music isn't your forte- then that's not the end of the world. You will be respected for being just, honest, loyal and unmatched warrior. You don't have to perfect every aspect of Lan's traditions and you don't have to be perfect in everything. Wanting to please others is good, but you shouldn't put it over your own needs. As long as you are happy and you feel like yourself, then all is fine... You know, if you want, I could teach you a bit about painting. I think you could like it."

Jingyi didn't stop him as Wei Ying proceeded to blabbering his ears off. He just smiled and hugged the other back. At some point, he blinked in surprise when another pair of arms drew around them. Sizhui's familiar scent of vanilla and tea leaves made Jingyi relax. Wen Ning didn't join the hug until Wei Ying sighed loudly, making the older man carefully join the dog pile. Jingyi's cheeks started to turn red, but he didn't move away from the embrace.

When they got back, he got a punch on the shoulder from Jin Ling (along with some hot chicken wings) and another hug from Zizhen. By the time they were going to sleep, Jingyi had a gentle smile on his face. He felt at peace.

Like he found some of that harmony.

Chapter End Notes

I have absolutely no idea if anything Jingyi said about guqin is actually true. I did some research but yeah. Also, I do not play any instrument and I have no understanding of music theory so. YEAH. Yell at me if you want about those. I also wrote this like. In one sitting. In the middle of night. PLZ. Tell me when you find any mistakes.

Also! I WAS NOT EXPECTING TO POST THIS SO SOON O.O HOLY COW. Happy birthday Wei Ying!!!

Big thank you to all of you as well!!! I'm so happy so many of you agree that Jingyi needs more love! Hope you enjoyed this!

Love is Selfless

Chapter Summary

Something goes wrong on a night hunt. Shizui is frustrated and Jingyi is left wondering why. Their dads decide to help them get past their tension- even if it means breaking a few rules.

Chapter Notes

Takes place in an AU universe, where nobody died except

- The Wens Nobody Liked
- Jin Guanshan
- Jin Guangyao
- Xue Yang

Wen Ning and Wen Qing are very much alive and kicking

Wei Wuxian and Lan Wangji are married. Wei Wuxian never died.

This chapter was partially inspired by a reader Hazard and then various other posts as I looked more into it! If you find this chapter to your liking, go check out <https://archiveofourown.org/works/18162455> or "sing up to the stars" by tangerinechar (Remember to check the ships tho, in case you are very particular about those.)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"SIZHUI! SIZHUI IF YOU DON'T SLOW DOWN, I SWEAR I WILL ROPE YOUR LEGS TOGETHER!" Jingyi shouted after Sizhui back, as they climbed the seemingly endless stairs to Cloud Recess. Few birds flew to the skies from fright at the sudden noise that echoed in the mountains.

The younger disciples winced at Jingyi's loud and little aggressive voice. It made him take a deep breath in to cool it down. After all, it wasn't THEIR fault that Sizhui was being weird.

Morning dew and mist had left all of them rather damp from toes to the tips of their hair, adding to their tedious climb. They had a three day long, difficult night hunt behind them. To say that they were tired was putting it very mildly. As for why they were climbing the stairs instead of flying on their swords, that was because Jingyi and Sizhui were not take a risk of anybody dropping from the sky because of exhaustion. And for whatever reason, Sizhui had been power walking forward with a vigor. Every now and then he would stop to wait for their group to come closer, but Jingyi had yet to actually reach his friend. This pace was

exhausting on their already tired juniors and Jingyi was DONE with whatever Sizhui was trying to do.

He was about to once again try to run after the other, but apparently his shout had been the final straw. Sizhui stopped, not looking down, but he waited until Jingyi half-jogged half-run up to him. Jingyi was about to open his mouth to demand an explanation, when Sizhui GLARED at him. Jingyi heard his mouth shut with a click of his teeth. Sizhui's eyes were gleaming with fury and barely controlled frustration.

"Oh you will now? Amazing, I wasn't aware you knew rope tricks. Do tell me thought, WITH WHAT ARMS?!" Sizhui growled as he jabbed at Jingyi's bandaged arm. Jingyi yelped and brought his sling a bit closer to himself. "Come on, don't do that. And can do it JUST FINE with one arm."

Apparently, that was the wrong thing to say.

"WELL THEN! NEXT TIME I WON'T RUSH TO HELP YOU WHEN YOU ARE REALLY ABOUT TO LOSE AN ARM!" The kids shrunk back as Sizhui ROARED. Sizhui's voice was loud as a thunder and it would definitely echo in the valleys behind them. Jingyi was pretty sure he saw some rabbits fleeing in the bushes.

Jingyi was stunned mute. He wouldn't have minded the volume if it were anybody else. But this was SIZHUI. His patient, kind, best friend who barely raised his voice. So he winced. It made Sizhui back down, a clear attempt to control his temper. Jingyi watched Sizhui try and fail to take a deep breath.

"Sizhui-" Jingyi started. Sizhui, however, was done. The other Lan turned around to continued climbing, not even glancing at Jingyi. He stood there for some time, shell shocked. Shaking himself out of it, Jingyi waved for the juniors to continue. None of them looked at him when they went past, opting to stare at the stairs with visible guilt. Jingyi looked after them, confused and frustrated, before following. Rest of the climb was complete silence. Jingyi had never hated quiet so much.

(Why was Sizhui so mad? Why was no one speaking to him? Did he do something wrong? Had he acted out of line? He thought Sizhui would be proud! He thought- What did he do WRONG??)

Once they finally reached the Cloud Recess, Jingyi herded the younger disciples to the healers' ward to be checked over. Sizhui was nowhere to be seen. Probably left to inform Zewun-jun of their return and to give him their reports. Jingyi let a fussing healer proof check his arm-(*dislocated elbow, over strained muscles and bruising. Not the worst he had had, but it hurt*)-before he left to get some much deserved sleep.

But it looked like the entire Cloud Recess was against the idea. The second he stepped inside the disciple dorms, he was surrounded on all sides. His fellow classmates bombed him with questions that he barely caught.

"Jingyi did you really fight a bear??"

"How the hell did you guys even get that mission?! That was way too hard for juniors!"

"What were you thinking?! That fierce corpse could have torn you to shreds!"

"Does it hurt?"

"Did anyone die?"

"Why didn't you call for help?"

Jingyi sighed and raised his good arm to silence everybody- they were making a remarkable amount of noise for Lans. The gesture was more than enough to silence everyone immediately. Feeling a headache rising, Jingyi decided that it was best to correct them now, so no rumors could rise. (Even if gossip was forbidden in Cloud Recesses, outside it, stories were free to live their own life.)

"No, we did not fight a bear, where did you even get that? We were sent to look into strange disappearances in one of the closer towns. We were not meant to engage with whatever was causing them, but we weren't given a choice. Sizhui and I did what we could to protect the juniors and we got all of them out fine. Some civilians did die, yes, but that happened before we got there. And yes, it does hurt. I'm tired, so if you have something else to ask, Sizhui should be somewhere. Now let me SLEEP."

The disciples stepped aside and Jingyi strode past them. He went straight to bed, far too exhausted to think past the lingering gazes he felt on him. As Jingyi fell asleep, he couldn't help but think how quiet it was. He felt himself sink into dreamless sleep, longing for his beast friend's silent snorts and enduring huffs.

- O -

On the other side of Cloud Recesses, Lan Sizhui let out a controlled breath. He was still upset, but walking around had helped. He took another breath in. Held it. And let it out. By the time he had reached Hanshi, Sizhui felt mostly calm. He knocked on his uncle's door. Immediately there was an answer. "Who's there?"

"Lan Sizhui, here to bring you the report of juniors' night hunt." Sizhui answered dutifully.

There was a pleased hum from inside. "Ah, A-Yuan, please come in."

Sizhui bowed when he entered and closed the door behind him. Lan Xichen smiled when Sizhui gave him the report. Sizhui was about to leave, but Xichen motioned for him to sit down. Sizhui did, thought a little hesitantly. It made the older man's smile drop for a short moment. Xichen's voice got softer as he asked about his nephew's well being. "How have you been? Did the hunt go as it should have?"

Sizhui's shoulders dropped as he relaxed. He had come just to report to the sect leader. But Xichen hadn't dismissed him, so he had time for his nephew... And he could really use his uncle's support right now. Sizhui smiled softly as he answered. "I have been well, uncle. But the hunt... It was a disaster."

"Oh?" Lan Xichen voiced, surprised. He glanced down at the report. It was longer than he would have thought it to be, but Sizhui's handwriting was good and made the reading it faster. After the first page Xichen raised his concerned gaze to his nephew. "You met a hostile demonic cultivator?"

Younger male grimaced and nodded. It had been a nasty surprise, to say the least. Sizhui took the silence as permission to explain. "It turned out, that the disappearances were caused by him. At first he only kidnapped those had wronged him and used them for his... Experiments. But later he. He found that he enjoyed it."

He looked a bit green when he relayed WHAT the heretic had been up to. The kidnapped people had been turned into living or walking corpses that would in turn agonize the village. He told his uncle about how they had split up to interview the locals, who had been reluctant to help. By the time they had been able to re-group, some of the juniors were nowhere to be found. They tried to go and look for them, but they got to witness as the corpses tried to raid the village.

They had been able to save the towns people, but their lost juniors were still missing. It was already their second day there, when they finally found clues. It took them half a day to find the demonic cultivator's layer. Sizhui and Jingyi had decided against calling for backup- it would only had scared off the kidnapper. So Sizhui and Jingyi had had their juniors try to free the others, while they fought off against the cultivator. The man could actually control one of his fierce corpses to some level and while also he also threw some low-level magic spells at them. Thankfully, Wuxian's and Wangji's training had paid off and they were able to restrain him.

However, they missed one corpse.

Jingyi had realized their mistake first. He had spotted it rushing towards their escaping juniors, ready to kill. Sizhui had barely managed to notice by the time Jingyi had thrown himself between the two parties. The corpse had SLAPPED Jingyi's sword away and grabbed his arm HARD. The fierce corpse had started bulling and whipping Jingyi around like a rag, when Sizhui had send his sword at it with a hurried hand sign. If Sizhui hadn't been able to cut it in half, Jingyi would have lost his arm.

"- And STILL he had the absolute NERVE to just brush it off! Before he even let me LOOK at his arm, he went straight to the juniors to make sure none of them were hurt! He could've- he could've-!" Shizui rants, unconsciously waving his arms around as he spoke.

Xichen listened and waited until Shizui had run out of things to say. He watched as Shizui shook from uncontrollable emotions and tried to remain presentable. (Shizui was just like Wangji. So much that it made his heart ache.) Xichen opened his arms wordlessly and hummed when Shizui gladly accepted the embrace. He ran his fingers through the youth's hair and waited until the shaking stopped. He rocked from back to forth a little, like he used to do with Wangji when they were small.

It felt so familiar and nostalgic, that Xichen almost jumped when a whisper broke the silence.

"Why does he DO that? Always jumping in head first..." Sizhui's voice was a little raw and husky, but Xichen was able to understand him just fine.

Xichen smiled. It was weak smile. Sad and full of empathy. He chuckled out his replay, continuing to softly pet his nephew's hair. "It's like an instinct. He trusts that you will have his back."

"BUT WHAT IF NEXT TIME I'M NOT FAST ENOUGH?! IF HE DOES SOMETHING RECKLESS AND I CAN'T KEEP UP?!"

Xichen just huffed, feeling the words himself. "With brothers, you never know. But you should have faith. In yourself and in him. However- you can be angry and scared. The situation was unexpected and you both made some radical decisions. You don't have to forgive him for doing something like that right away. But make sure he knows WHY you are angry at him."

Sizhui was silent, but Xichen felt the younger male nod against his shoulder. Xichen decided it would probably be for the best to inform his brother and brother-in-law about their kids adventure. Well, once his older nephew felt like he was done with hugging.

- O -

When Jingyi woke up, he was the most baffled to first see a face. Groggy from sleep, Jingyi only blinked in mayor confusion. "Senior Wei?"

Wei Wuxian sat on the bed mattress, next to his head. The older man had sighed in relief when Jingyi opened his eyes and curled over to study the boy's face. Sizhui and their own healer had assured them that Jingyi did not have a concussion or any other severe injuries. But then Lan Xichen had brought their shaken older son to Jingshin and told them that their Jingyi had been hurt. *(Wei Wuxian couldn't help but feel a stab of guilt. Usually it was his own actions that caused these feelings to rise. And it really wasn't nice being on this side.)*

"Ah, what a terrible child! How dare you look surprised! Of course it's me!" Wei Wuxian chuckled tiredly. Jingyi blinked, still a bit out of it. He bordered if he should sit up, but decided against that. He felt comfortable. Thought, he did raise his head a bit when his senior prompted him to. He gently led baffled Jingyi's head onto his lap and started to pet his hair. Jingyi wasn't bothered, even hummed in appreciation. But he was still confused and he couldn't just go back to sleep yet. With a little bit of effort, Jingyi was able to mumble his questions out. "Senior Wei, why are you here? Aren't you bothering the other disciples?"

"Of course I'm not bothering anyone! We are in Jingshin. Lan Zhan said that dormitory was too noisy- which is a blatant lie. But both of us want to have you two a bit closer. Sizhui will be sleeping with us too, but he and Lan Zhan went to finish something. They'll come back soon and happy to see you awake!" Wuxian babbled, cooing softly at the younger male's sleepy blinks. Jingyi rolls his eyes, but smiled fondly. Wuxian noticed and leaned down to huff into Jingyi's hair. He presses a soft kiss into the locks and mumbles in low voice. "Ay, A-Jing. Please don't scare us like this. My poor heart can't take it."

The sudden sift in the mood almost gave Jingyi a whip slap. He frowned and tried to sit up, but Wuxian stopped him. With unusually serious expression, Wuxian held Jingyi's face in his hand, softly caressing his cheeks. The disciple felt a cold shiver run through him and warm

one right after it. He leaned into the touch, remembering someone else doing something similar a long, long time ago. Wuxian noticed, but didn't comment.

"Jingyi. I understand that you did what you could. I'm not angry. Lan Zhan and I were so proud when we heard that you and Sizhui managed to defeat so many fierce corpses while also protecting the little juniors." Wuxian explained. He spoke slowly to get his youngest to understand him. Jingyi blushed furiously from all the compliments but nodded. Wuxian grinned before he continued. "However, we were also very worried and scared when we heard. That stunt you did? Anything could have gone wrong. You knew that going after the kidnapper was very, very dangerous and risky decision."

"... But-" Jingyi started, but was cut off when his face was squeezed.

"I'm not finished." Wuxian simply said. "It was reckless. Sizhui admitted that you hadn't even thought about sending the remaining juniors back for help. You both were blinded by panic, so I can understand that. And from what juniors have told us, you protected them well. No harm came down to anyone- except you."

Wei Wuxian's eyes softened and he lowered one of his hands to hold Jingyi's. He crooned silently, when Jingyi squeezed the hand. The younger male didn't feel embarrassed by it. He felt safe. Wuxian's voice was somber, even though he smiled as he spoke. "We are very similar in this way. We want to protect everyone else so bad, that we forget to protect ourselves too. You scared Sizhui. And he was so angry, when you didn't even seem to notice your own injuries. From what he sees, you hardly cared about yourself. Or his feelings, for that matter."

Jingyi was quiet and allowed his senior to hold his hand like it was some delicate flower. He wanted to say that his senior was being a hypocrite, but held himself back. After all, the man probably knew this BECAUSE of how often he had worried others. Wuxian sighed before continuing. "I'm not asking you to do miracles or to stop going onto night hunts. I just want you to be more careful with yourself. To understand that there are people who will be very upset when you get hurt."

Jingyi was quiet for a moment, before he nodded after a while. He wouldn't- COULDN'T- take his actions back, but he could try to do better next time. It would be far too selfish of him to ask for others to stop caring, when he himself cared so much. Wuxian smiled and pressed another kiss, this time on his forehead. Jingyi whined, but didn't wiggle away from it. The older man chuckled.

The warm moment between them was cut, when Jingshin's door opened. Both men turned their heads towards Sizhui when he stepped inside. His gaze fell first on Jingyi, but he quickly looked up at his Dad. Wuxian raised an eyebrow but let his older son speak. "We are done now. Father asked me to come get you."

"I see. Well, let's go then!" Wuxian hummed. He started helping Jingyi to stand up and led him towards the door. The youth himself frowned before sighing. "I don't have any say in this, do I?"

"Of course not!" Wuxian chirped and threw an arm over Sizhui's shoulders and herded them out.

Jingyi groaned and Sizhui stifled a chuckle. Once they closed the door after them, Wuxian immediately took the lead and left his sons trailing in his footsteps. Confused as he was, Jingyi decided against asking. Sizhui's shoulders were tense and he refused to even glance at Jingyi. It was dead quiet as they slowly traveled through the Cloud Recess. The night had already fallen and it was clearly well past nine. Jingyi felt guilty for breaking the curfew but honestly? This wasn't even the WORST rule they had broken with senior Wei. Didn't even make it to the top 30. *(Yes. Wei Wuxian was absolutely the worst influence on small Lans. But they loved him anyway.)*

And he was curious what this was about. If even Hanguang-jun was in on this, it had to be important.

Jingyi glanced at his friend and bit his lip. Sizhui was clearly still mad at him, which he had expected. but it still bothered him. He didn't exactly do anything wrong to deserve it, but he could now understand where Sizhui was coming from. He sighed before muttering. "Sorry... For scaring you. I would do it again thought. If I had to anyway."

"Hm... Jingyi?"

"Yeah?"

"Sorry for yelling at you." Sizhui muttered, looking ashamed. But then he smirked ever so slightly. Jingyi saw clearly that small mischievous boy he had met when he was five. "But you deserved it. You *were* an idiot for charging at it like that."

"Hey!" Jingyi hissed. Sizhui chuckled and bumped their shoulders together. Sizhui smiled, but it was still a bit forced. "Just. Please be more careful. Okay? At least WARN me before you jump next time."

"FINE. I'll try." Jingyi growled, but offered his good arm with his pinkie extended. Sizhui's smile got a lot brighter when he locked their little fingers together. Ahead of them, Wuxian was smiling to himself as he listened. From what he had experienced with Jiang Cheng, this kind of conflicts rose from time to time. It would blow over and they would move on, more careful in the future.

A bit of fun or just relaxing together would help them to unwind. Which was exactly why Wuxian dragged them all the way to the back of the mountain. He smiled when he saw the sight that was waiting for them.

The small clearing that was usually inhabited by Lan Wangji's rabbits was now devoid of them. The area was lit with some lanterns and there were four big blankets that laid on the grass. Over the blankets laid two guqins and a basket, with food and tea in it. Wangji himself was sitting behind his own instrument, but he rose to meet them. He greeted his husband first with a kiss on his forehead and was rewarded with a chuckle. Once the boys were closer, he smiled at Sizhui and gently ruffled his hair. Shizui smiled brightly. Wangji was glad to see that there were no new tear tracks.

Last but not least, Lan Wangji turned to Jingyi. The disciple felt a bit out of place, with Hanguang-jun showing his affection so freely before turning his attention to him. He was expecting a lecture, but instead he was surprised by being bulled into a warm embrace. Wangji circled his arms around his second son, careful of the injured limp between them and lowered his head on top of Jingyi's. He sighed slightly from relief.

"Reckless." He huffed out, making Jingyi blush again. So he DID come here to be scolded... But then heard the older man hum. "Happy you are fine."

Jingyi stiffened before circling his one good arm around Lan Wangji's back. He pressed his face into Wangji's chest and nodded silently. He wasn't sure if he was confirming it or thanking the man, but he felt the embrace tighten a bit. After a moment, they finally parted and Wuxian ushered them to sit down. Sizhui and Wangji sat behind their guqins while Wei Wuxian gently sat Jingyi next to him on the blankets. Jingyi looked at the set up a little confused, only to find two different smiles and one soft gaze directed at himself.

"Lan Zhan and I thought that after that little adventure, we would cheer you two up. A-Yuan wanted to help. He was the one who pointed out how much you enjoy those street musicians, so we decided to have our own little festival! But then you fell asleep and we didn't want to wake you up, so in the meantime, we set this up." Wei Wuxian explained. And true enough, the man was holding Chenqing. Jingyi frowned, unsure, and turned to look at Wangji.

"But why at night? This could have waited until tomorrow... We are breaking rules again." Jingyi pondered, biting his lower lip.

"Hm. Too many people. Calmer now." Wangji answered, like he could decide when the rules applied. And well, since he was supposed to be responsible for assigning punishments in Gusu, he kinda could. Wuxian grinned, seeing the doubtful expression. "Come on now! We thought it would be fun. It's a bit silly, but nothing bad! Come on- I know you have a good voice, so you can sing while we play! I'll even join you if you feel shy~"

"No need!" Jingyi snapped, thought it was without any heat. He didn't protest further, however. Wangji took that as a permission and gently touched zither's strings. After playing few notes into the song, Sizhui followed after. Jingyi and Wuxian took their time, listening to the melody before joining in. Dizi's gentle, wavering notes fit right next to two echoing string instruments. At first Jingyi's voice was quiet, not really knowing how to fit in with all the instruments, but once he got confident he could keep up, he raised his voice. Jingyi himself was very surprised. He didn't sing often, but he HAD sung while Sizhui played before. They didn't do it often, but it was fun to do at times. But this- this was very different. His voice soared with Wuxian's dizi and echoed next to Wangji's and Sizhui's qugins...

He finally saw why his friends liked to play so much. If it was anything like singing right now- then it felt absolutely amazing. All the frustration, fear and shame- every emotion that had been building up inside him just bled out. His voice was like a running river on the mountain side.

At some point, Wuxian lowered his flute and joined Jingyi during some folk song about a fisherman. He threw an arm over his shoulder, being mindful of the sling. While Jingyi's voice was light and clear, Wuxian's voice was a smoky and warm. You could HEAR laughter

in his voice. Like warmest sun rays on summer, or a shimmering campfire. It made Jingyi smile.

Sizhui would join in when they played some pieces from Gusu, with his soft and tender voice. His voice was quiet but still nice addition. Like a small breeze flying through a field of flowers. Wangji didn't seem to be joining them, until Wuxian roped them into playing a song about two lovers. His voice was deep, powerful and full of emotions as he sang along with his husband. It fell around them like a soft blanket or warm winter robes. It was like watching falling snow or listening to raindrops against a lake's surface.

It was better than any performance he had ever listened to.

They played for hours. Some songs they played together, some alone- but the field was never quiet. They ate and drank tea- or Emperor's smile in Wuxian's case. Songs, laughter and tales kept unpleasant thoughts and silence away. The seniors nor Sizhui never complained about being tired or stopped. Jingyi knew they must have been exhausted, but they kept each others company through the night. And finally, when the morning sun was about to rise again, the two older men ushered them inside Jingshin. With knowledge that they would not go to class that day, two brothers fell asleep next to one another.

Wuxian cooed at them silently, while Wangji covered them with blankets. As the sun started peeking, they freshened up and slipped out. The two older men would not get to fall asleep for a while. They would continue their day like normally and inform their sons' teachers about their absents in class. They would be dead beat by the time they would actually be able close their eyes, but they both agreed that it was a small price. No amount of rules or sleep would ever be worth more than seeing their children happy.

And if they got to cuddle with both of them once they returned? Well, that was just a small bonus.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you to Hazard for giving me the idea of having Jingyi sing! I was stuck with this one chapter for a while, but this suggestion really helped me out! Also again, written without enough sleep on a poor schedule. Plz inform me if you find mistakes.

BIIIIG thank you to everyone who've read this! I'm amazed by how many of you want to share your love for our poor Jingyi! Also, I'm so sorry it took this long to get this out! I have no promises for when the next chapter will be out- it will either be on the very end of this month or at the beginning of the next. But until then- stay warm and sing lots!

Love is Unlimited

Chapter Summary

Wangxian family goes to enjoy some quality time in Yunmeng. Jingyi did not know he was invited. (No one is amused. Except Jin Ling. He thinks this is hilarious.)

Chapter Notes

Takes place in an AU universe, where nobody died except

- The Wens Nobody Liked
- Jin Guanshan
- Jin Guangyao
- Xue Yang

Wen Ning and Wen Qing are very much alive and kicking

Wei Wuxian and Lan Wangji are married. Wei Wuxian never died.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Gusu Lan's Library was silent until a relieved sigh was blown out and Jingyi tumbled down from the handstand. He laid face first on the floor, groaning as he let blood flow back into his arms. The pile of rules he had had to copy wasn't the worst part of the punishment, but having to do handstand after THAT was just brutal.

He had had to run around the Cloud Recesses because some visiting disciples had scared Little Apple and the donkey had caused A MESS while it fleet from them. Jingyi and some other older disciples had chased the said donkey around with apples and rope for HOURS and the damn animal just simply refused to cooperate. Even Zewu-jun had joined the hunt after following their attempts for the better part of the day.

(Jingyi thought it was almost worth it to see their sect leader smiling and laughing as he tried to catch the stubborn donkey. Thought HOW the man had stayed clean through out it, Jingyi very much wanted to know.)

In the end, it wasn't even them who caught it, but Lan Qiren.

Who also scolded them AND the visiting disciples for causing such a mess. All of them were given rules to copy- Yes. Even the sect leader joined them. Jingyi had the most, since he was the loudest out of them. And he got the handstand from talking back. *(He just thought it was unfair!)*

The real troublemakers had had to clean and kneel in the ancestry hall every day, for a week. Honestly, they got off easy.

He heard steps coming inside, but he didn't bother to rise up. Two feet came to stop by him and he started to wonder what they wanted. He groaned when someone poked him with their feet. He heard familiar voice chuckling.

"Jingyi? Are you done copying?" Lan Sizhui asked, laughter in his voice. Jingyi nodded. He didn't move.

"Get up. We've been waiting for hours!" Ah, so the one who kept poking him was Jin Ling. Jingyi swatted at the feet.

"Shut up Mistress. Let me die in peace." Jingyi moaned. Jin Ling frowned and kept poking/kicking at his friend.

"Jingyi, I know you are tired but you should really start packing. We are supposed to leave before sunset." Sizhui stated. *'Leave? Oh shit did I forget something?'* Jingyi sprung up, eyes wide.

"What? Where? Are we supposed to leave on a night hunt?! Why did no one tell me?!" Jingyi started babbling, jumping up.

Ling and Sizhui didn't answer right away. They kept giving him this odd look, before turning to each other and then back to him.

"... You are not kidding. You have absolutely no idea what we are talking about." Jing Ling finally concluded and started laughing like a madman.

Jingyi started yelling and demanding to know what was so funny about this. Sizhui wasn't even able to scold them. He was holding his head in his hands, looking like Jingyi had shamed all of his ancestors.

"WHAT? MISTRESS WHAT THE HELL? SIZHUI EXPLAIN!" Jingyi kept screaming, confused and feeling like he was being made fun off.

In the end, Shizui took hold of his robes and started dragging him back to dorms, while giggling Jin Ling trailed after them. Sizhui didn't say a word until he made sure Jingyi was packing.

"We are supposed to go to Lotus Pier for the next week's Harvest Festival, if you remember. We've been talking about this for WEEKS. I cannot believe you didn't notice, so PLEASE tell me why you deemed that this did not concern you?" Sizhui explained, tone flat.

He stared steadily at Jingyi's confused expression and even Ling got curious as he moved closer.

"But aren't you supposed to go there with Senior Wei and Hanguan-jun? Wasn't it a family occasion?" Jingyi asked, feeling like a fish out of water. His friends blinked at him, now not only confused but also concerned.

"Jingyi. Who do you THINK are included in that definition?" Sizhui phrased his question carefully.

Jingyi blinked and raised his eyebrow. "Sizhui? Should I go and get your dads? Do you need another family gathering or-?"

"JUST. ANSWER!" Sizhui begged with his face turning alarmingly red. Ling offered him a comforting shoulder pat, which only made the poor boy turn redder. Jingyi sighed but started listing Sizhui's family members.

"Well, obviously it includes you and seniors. Then Of course Wen Qing, Wen Ning and the rest of Wens.

The Lans are of course and The Jiang family as Wei Wuxian's adopted family.

And through Lady Jiang's marriage to Sect Leader Jin Zixuan, Jins and our Young Mistress here are also your distant relatives. Did I miss anyone?" Jingyi huffed by the end of it, feeling something crawling under his skin.

Both stared at him, astonished by how obvious their friend was. Jingyi was slowly getting irritated by the silence. "Well?"

"... Are you sure he is not related to Uncle?" Jin Ling finally got out. Jingyi turned red as tomato and started stuttering. "He-hey now! What-?"

"I- no. Dad said he has never had eyes for anyone but Father... But distant cousin could be a possibility-" Sizhui started muttering about asking his Dad about his material family, to see if it was possible that there could have been a branch in the Lan family.

Jingyi was now half shouting in the background. "OI! EXPLAIN!"

"Should we tell him? I don't think he will realize otherwise." Jin Ling muttered.

Sizhui sighed. He really, really wanted a payback. Jingyi owned him that much. But he also didn't want to startle the other, especially since they still needed to get going.

And this really wasn't his mess to fix. That honor would go to a pair of idiots he lovingly called dads.

So, determined to at least give Jingyi something to work with, Sizhui kneeled down and took a hold of Jingyi's shoulders.

"Jingyi. Think about what you said: it's a family occasion. You were supposed to come the whole time." Sizhui slowly stated.

He waited a minute, hoping that his friend could work it out on his own. When he saw nothing but confusion on Jingyi's face, he sighed and stood up. "Just. Keep packing."

"Ooookay?" Jingyi drawled out. Maybe he SHOULD tell Senior Wei to have another TALK with their son. He was clearly having an identity crisis again.

"Finally! A-Yuan, Rulan, A-Jing! What took you three so long?" Wei Wuxian huffed when the juniors FINALLY run up to the boat.

Wen Ning smiled a little as he and Lan Wangji started to lift the disciples' things into the boat. Wen Qing rolled her eyes and muttered something about always having to wait for men. Which was rich from coming from a woman who had had to be dragged out of her study by Wen Ning.

"We apologise! Jingyi's punishment took longer than we thought and we ran into sect Leader Nie on the way down, so we offered to show him where he could find Zewu-jun!" Sizhui panted out, while he leaned against his knees.

If it was anyone else but his family, he would have tried not to look so... Ruffled. But thankfully, their mad-run down the mountain hadn't left only him a little winded. Jingyi was laying in the mud- (*HIS WHITE ROBES! HIS GOD DAMN WHITE ROBES!!!*)- and only the way his back rose and deflected informed them that he lived. A-Ling was also leaning against his knees, his face red as a tomato. But Sizhui could tell that the colour wasn't at least partially from their little stunt.

Wei Wuxian looked at the lot of them and laughed. "Honestly, look at you lot. Come on, let's get you on the boat. Jingyi, get into some clean outer robes."

After he received some nods, Wei Wuxian turned towards the boat and climbed on. He could be heard muttering under his breath to Wen Qing. "We are going to have so much laundry on this trip. Maybe I should get all of you some black robes too..."

"Speak for yourself." Wen Qing huffed, but she smirked a bit as she turned away from the kids.

She couldn't help but think how the juniors would look like Wei Wuxian's little ducklings in black. Lan Wangji just nodded, already planning to order such a request from a seamstress in Yungmeng.

Thankfully, the dock is hidden in a small and quiet bay, so no one bothered them as they got ready to leave. Wen Ning smiled a little, before he ushered them on board when Jingyi had clean clothes on again. Poor Sizhui felt sick the moment the boat left the port and was forced to lay down.

Lan Wangji stared worriedly down at Sizhui, and gently moved the teen's head onto his lap. The boy didn't argue against it, as felt fingers brushing through his hair. Wen Qing scowled, but gave the poor boy some sleep medicine she had prepared before hand for this. Sizhui thanked his aunt, before falling asleep like a rock.

Interestingly enough, Jingyi also fell asleep soon after. He murmured something about waking up when they were closer, as he laid his head on his senior's shoulder. Except, he did not lay his head on Wei Wuxian's shoulder, like he thought he did.

"Oh my-! Wen Ning look at them!! Gah! I have the most adorable kids!" Wei Wuxian gushed at the sight and Wen Qing sharply hit him with her elbow.

She hissed at him. "Shut up! We don't want to wake them! Look at the poor things! Wen Ning don't you dare to move them!"

Wen Ning just smiled apologizingly at Lan Wangji, who thankfully didn't seem to mind being covered in sleepy juniors. Lan Wangji couldn't help but think about how boys looked like his bunnies. He only glanced at Wei Wuxian every now and then, when he was being too loud. But he staid very still the whole time.

Jin Ling was a bit flustered by the fondness the adults were openly showing, but he still bravely turned to his uncle.

"We weren't really late because of Nie Mingjue- by now, he could find his way in Cloud Recess with his eyes closed. *(But we did stop to tell him where Zewu-jun was. He also told us to have a safe journey.)* Jingyi hadn't packed, so we had to do that before rushing here." Jin Ling could see amusement in his Uncle's eyes so he shook his head a bit. "No, he hadn't forgotten. He just... He asked us why he was supposed to come. After a bit of. Pushing, we got the reason. We. We are pretty sure he thinks he isn't included in the family."

There was a shocked silence that lasted for a long while- until Wen Ning quickly put his hand over Wen Qing's mouth. She looked furious, ready to give one Lan an earful but she had been cut off before she could even start.

She glared at Wen Ning, seriously offended by her brother's gesture. He just shrugged and nodded towards their slumbering Lans.

Wei Wuxian and Lan Wangji were staring at Jingyi- both wondering if he actually DID share some ancestry with Wei Wuxian. And of course how the hell had he come to that conclusion.

"Sizhui and I tried to make him realize it on his own, but his head is as thick as yours." Jin Ling huffed, a bit annoyed by his friend. Wei Wuxian chuckled weakly.

"... Thank you Jin Ling. We'll ... We will dig deeper into this." Wei Wuxian finally said. As the boy blushed a bit, he smiled and ruffled his hair. "I'm glad they have a friend like you. I'll make sure to praise you a lot to your mother."

"NO NEED!" Jin Ling hissed back, causing waves of stifled laughter to bubble in the boat.

Jingyi woke up to someone shaking his shoulder ever so gently- while he heard loud yelling on the background. Frowning slightly Jingyi started to squint his eyes against the sun light.

'How is Senior Wei scream like that if he is right her- oh fuck that's not black.' Jingyi's realization woke him right up and the poor disciple almost fell on his back as he straightened himself. Thankfully Hanguan-jun managed to sneak his arm around his shoulders to balance him.

"HANGUAN-JUN! I AM! SO SORRY!" Jingyi exclaimed, blushing like mad. Lan Wangji raised a delicate eyebrow and rubbed his shoulder comfortingly.

"Hn. No need. I don't mind." Lan Wangji offered. And he really didn't mind. Jingyi blinked, very confused but then jumped, when the boat rocked a little. Lan Wangji sighed. "Wei Ying. Please sit down."

"Oh-? Ah, sorry A-Jing, Lan Zhan! But, hey! We are almost at the docks! Shijie and Uncle came to welcome us!" Wei Wuxian gushed, grinning wide and bright.

Wen siblings sighed in relief when their residing trouble magnet sat down again and Jin Ling huffed. Sizhui was frowning in his sleep, but he looked so pale that Jingyi decided against waking him up.

"Honestly, are you even an adult?" Wen Qing and Jin Ling blinked when they scoffed that at the same time. Wei Wuxian looked offended, while Wen Ning and Jingyi laughed- even Lan Wangji's lips twitched into a small smile.

Jingyi didn't comment on how Lan Wangji didn't move his arm from Jingyi's shoulder, even as the rocking stopped. He felt more secure with it.

When they finally docked, Wei Wuxian was first to leap off, Jin Ling coming close behind him. Wen siblings offered to take care of the bags as Wangji lifted still very much unconscious Sizhui out of the boat. Jingyi offered to take him, but Lan Wangji hesitated.

".. Are you certain? A-Yuan is heavy." Lan Wangji spoke softly, but Jingyi nodded, oddly enough feeling like a toddler.

Jingyi took Sizhui on his back without much trouble. He was far too used carrying his best friend on his back. Lan Wangji still hovered after them as they went to greet the Jiangs. Fengmian smiled warmly at whatever Wei Wuxian was babbling about while Yanli chuckled at whatever her son was commenting. As they came closer, the father daughter pair brightened. If that was even possible.

"Ah, good to see you, Lan Wangji. I see that Sizhui and Jingyi have grown taller again." Fengmian greeted. He offered salute to Lan Wangji, who returned it to his (*Uncle? Father? Adoption father?*)-in-law. Jingyi just nodded, but he could be excused. Yanli smiled.

"While I may not live here permanently anymore, I still welcome you and your family to Lotus pier. It is a joy to see you all here." Yanli's little speech was sincere and it made even Jingyi blush a little.

Jin Ling nodded along his mother, seemingly very proud.

"You seem well, sect elder, Madam Jin. Thank you for your warm welcome." Lan Wangji returned, polite as ever.

Older man chuckled warmly and Yanli huffed. "None of that now. You should know by now. You are free to call me Yanli or Shijie. Honestly..."

Jingyi couldn't hold back from snickering when Lan Wangji's ears turned slightly pink as he nodded. He and Sizhui had gotten similar talk the second they had first met Aunt Yanli. She absolutely refused to be called anything else by them. And when they finally DID, Wei Wuxian had looked so happy he was about to cry. So there wasn't really any other choices for them.

"Sect elder Jiang. Aunt Yanli. It's good to see you again. I'm sorry, but I should probably take Sizhui somewhere where he can recover from our boat trip." Jingyi apologised and Yanli immediately looked over to them sympathetically.

"Yes, of course. Poor thing..." Yanli murmured before smiling at Jingyi and patting his head. Her tone was soft as she spoke to Jingyi. "Once you've gotten Sizhui and yourself comfortable and you've had dinner, feel welcome to join us for tea. You know our usual spot by now."

Indeed he did. Jiang Cheng, Yanli, Fengmian, Ziyuan, and Wei Wuxian would usually have a moment to themselves during these visits to enjoy tea. Of course, Lan Wangji, Lan Sizhui, Jin Zixuan and Jin Ling were always invited, but they rarely wanted to disturb the Jiang family's private moment. (*Thought they were most often dragged there anyway.*)

Jingyi went more often, half because he craved for Yanli's tea and snacks, but also because he simply enjoyed those moments. Madam Yu seemed much more relaxed when she had her whole family around for tea and snacks. Even Jingyi could dare to speak a little more casually to her. (*He was sure that wasn't really proper, but honestly? So long as no one stopped him, Jingyi didn't care.*)

Fengmian would look so radiant and lively- nothing like the peaceful but awfully silent elder he so often acted like. He loved to listen to his stories with Jin Ling and Sizhui almost as much as the man loved to tell them.

Yanli would be absolutely ecstatic. Like her father, she became so bold and certain around her family, that it was almost shocking to hear her talk and laugh like that. Jingyi often traded stories with her about Wuxian and A-Ling, who often tried to correct or stop them to no avail. It was fun.

Jiang Cheng... He became a bit softer during those teatimes. Not by lot, but just enough that Jingyi felt comfortable around him. Every now and then, he would side with one of the brothers in their bickering, while Ling would take the side of the other. Sometimes they would get into playful wrestling- which often led to them sparing after tea. And Sandu Shengshou was merciless. (*But he didn't run them boneless like his mother would.*)

It felt so surreal sometimes- that he was allowed to talk with them so familiarly and that he was welcomed and south out company here. It baffled him.

"Of course. Then, I'll take my leave. See you later, Hanguang-jun, Senior Wei!" Jingyi chirped and started casually jogging towards their usual guest rooms. *(They came here often enough for that to be a thing.)*

Yanli and Fengmian raised eyebrows at the way Jingyi addressed Wangji and Wuxian with, but waited until the youth was out of hearing range before turning to them and Wen siblings.

"A-Xian, how come Jingyi is still so formal with two of you? You'd think such a spirited boy would jump for the chance to talk more casually." Yanli worded her thoughts carefully, so that they sounded innocent, but Wei Wuxian's well-versed ears could hear the underlying concern and discontentment. He sighed, but before he could explain his nephew beat him to it.

"Jingyi still doesn't know that these two basically adopted him when he was five." Jin Ling stated with a very dry tone and unamused face. Wuxian and Wangji both winced under the disbelieving faces.

"A-Ying, Wangji, surely you have talked about it with him? It has been eleven years!" Fengmian inquired, before dropping his face in his hands when all he got was very uneasy expressions.

Yanli batted her father's back as he muttered under his breath. "Of course. Why did I expect anything else? A-Ying is most certainly Changze's and Sanren's son. This is even WORSE than when Sanren forgot to tell anyone she was expecting..."

Wei Wuxian was blushing and frustrated that he really couldn't argue against that. Lan Wangji took a hold of his hand, rubbing it soothingly. After all, he was also at fault here.

Wen Ning and Wen Qing just sighed in the background, wondering how the heck these two morons were the most brilliant cultivators of their time. Yanli turned her stern stare at them and Wuxian went rigid with tension.

"A-Xian, A-Zhan. I am very disappointed in you two. No wonder he is always so surprised when he gets birthday presents from us or when we show our affection!" Yanli looked like she was going to cry and that sent the Wangxian couple into a spiral of panic.

Yanli huffed before crossing her arms and continuing. "Wei Ying, Lan Zhan. You need to fix this as soon as possible. This has been going on for far too long!"

"I know Shijie, I know! I swear, we did not realise until now!" Wuxian pleaded, gesturing for Wangji to help him. Jin Ling hold back a snicker as the mighty Hanguang-jun almost shivered before the petite form of Madam Jin.

"Have seen our mistakes. Will do better... Please don't be upset Shijie." Lan Wangji added, just as distressed by this as his husband. Yanli nodded then, before walking up to Wen

siblings. Both blinked when they were suddenly noticed and could only numbly follow as Yanli started dragging them with her.

"A-Xian, A-Zhan. As punishment, you will carry all of your luggage to the guest rooms. Only A-Ling is permitted to help. While you do that, we will be enjoying dinner. Without you." Yanli declared, her tone sharp as her mother's.

Wei Wuxian and Lan Wangji only nodded in defeat. Fengmian sighed, patted their backs before following after his daughter. Jin Ling glanced after her, but sighed in defeat before walking up to his uncle. While the two probably hardly needed much help, this would be over faster if he gave a hand.

Jingyi greeted servants that he recognised as he jogged past them. Sizhui kept on snoozing and Jingyi couldn't help but huff at his friend. Sizhui should have just arrived before hand on sword- but he had insisted on traveling with them, so Jingyi had let him do as he wanted. Senior Wei and Lan Wangji had looked a bit concerned when they agreed, but amused enough to actually let the stubborn boy get his way.

"Honestly A-Yuan... A-Ling and I could have rode our swords here too, if it bothered you that much." Jingyi muttered. Sizhui didn't even twitch. Which was a small blessing.

Finally, Jingyi finally saw their normal guest rooms' doors. They used to share, but as they grew older, they did like to enjoy the privacy and peace that having their own rooms brought.

Don't get him wrong: Jingyi loved their dorms back in Gusu and they still had sleep overs in each other's rooms when they were here (or in Lanling), but they wouldn't get to enjoy this kind of luxury until they completed their training. Once they would be recognised as fully trained disciples, they would be allowed to move out from the dorms. But until then, they would have to share.

Jingyi used his leg to open Sizhui's room's door with practiced ease and walked inside like he owned the place. The room had simply enough furniture, but the occupying colours and small trinkets that could be found here and there, told that the room had a very permanent occupant. The walls were the same soft blue, that could be found in Jingyi's room, but the curtains were coloured in rich shades of red and white.

The bed and pillow covers were fittingly purple, reminding them where they really were at. The room was full of small things Sizhui had collected through out the years: everything from nice coloured stones to feathers to small ornaments and charms. Each one held invaluable memories to Sizhui.

The place spoke of home. Of trust. It felt familiar.

Jingyi lowered his friend to the bed and took his boots and outer robes off, to help the other feel more comfortable. Thanks to the medicine and probably still lingering nausea, Sizhui remained unconscious so Jingyi didn't bother sneaking around. He would probably be out for the count a while longer too.

Jingyi closed the door after him with a huff before wondering what to do next.

A delicious smell hit Jingyi's nose and he was suddenly reminded that he had yet to eat anything. And aunt Yanli HAD told him to get something to eat.

Having decided what to do, he asked a passing servant if they could get a small serving to Sizhui's room. The other wouldn't likely feel like eating once he woke up, but it would help. Once the servant left, Jingyi quickly docked to his own room and breathed in the familiar scent.

Unlike Sizhui's room, Jingyi's colour theme was a lot simpler. The whole room was mostly darker shade of blue, except for the purple bedding.

There were beautiful kites on one of the walls, that had been gifted to him by sect leader Jiang and Senior Wei. He had been afraid that if he brought them to Cloud Recesses, they would have been taken away or otherwise get damaged during the trip. The Sect leader had been kind enough to offer keep them here for him.

(Back then, Jiang Cheng had looked absolutely terrified when small Jingyi had sniffled and if Wei Wuxian hadn't been in a similar state himself, he would have teased him shidi ENDLESSLY.)

On top of a tea table, there was a beautiful flower pot that aunt Yanli had done herself. Jingyi was delighted to see new flowers in it.

All in all, it was exactly as he left it last time. Homely and clean.

Jingyi didn't hesitate to leave his sword there, before he left to jog towards the kitchens. He didn't get really far, when he almost bumped into someone. Jingyi bowed hastily, when he saw who he had run into.

"Careful where you run child!" Yu Ziyuan huffed, staring down at the blushing boy before her.

"I am so sorry Madam Yu! This disciple was careless!" Jingyi exclaimed, feeling relieved that he would (probably) not get scolded for using his normal volume. Ziyuan did grimace at the loud noise, but she didn't comment on it.

She gestured for Jingyi to straighten up and when he did, Jingyi found the elder woman looking him up and down. Already used to this, he sighed a bit endearingly. "Madam Yu, please-"

"Hush child, don't you start with me." Ziyuan snapped and Jingyi's mouth fell shut. Ziyuan started correcting and straightening out Jingyi's ruffled robes, while muttering to herself.

"Unbelievable. You've just arrived and yet you look like you were thrown out of a hurricane. You even have a LEAF in your hair!"

Jingyi hardly breathed while she fluttered around, determined to NOT set her off even more. As he let the older woman work, he thanked his lucky star there was no one else in the corridor. When she was seemingly done with making him look presentable again, Jingyi bowed again, thanking her. "Madam Yu, were you heading to eat dinner?"

"Yes I am. And so are you- don't argue, I know for certain that you haven't eaten yet. Honestly, that brat never thinks ahead. You are already skin and bones and still he lets your dinner run so late..." Madam Yu ranted, thought her usual bite wasn't really in it.

Jingyi started following her as she continued towards the dining room. He couldn't help but let a small soundless sigh escape his lips. Madam Yu had apparently taken her grandmother stature with pride, since she did not only fuss around Jin Ling but also with Sizhui and him.

Maybe it was because they were roughly the same age? Well, Sizhui was her adopted grandson, so it made sense. And since Jingyi was so close with both Jin Ling and Sizhui, maybe he was added to the mix.

"Madam Yu, I am NOT skin and bones! If I were, I would be a ghost!" Jingyi tried to defend his little chicken legs, but only got an amused huff of laughter from it.

"If you are a ghost, then you CERTAINLY need to eat more. I have never seen less imitating ghost in my life!" Ziyuan threw back and Jingyi just gaped.

Really thought, he didn't mind. It reminded him of the banter and chatting he used to do with his Granny. It felt nice and familiar, even though it was nothing like that.

(Jingyi didn't notice that Madam Yu kept her pace slow enough for him to walk next to her. Servants and disciples dodged out of their way and bowed down to them as they passed, but Jingyi just chalked it off with Madam Yu's presence. He didn't hear the whispering about "how nice it was to see their madam with her grandsons again".)

Dinner went about as he expected after that- he ate with the Jiangs in peace, every now and then engaging in conversation with someone. And though he did not mind the Wen siblings there, he was confused as to why Senior Wei and Hanguan-jun did not join them.

Jin Ling had come in late, but he had at least appeared. Jin Zixuan was also present, enjoying the rare calm dinner with his family. Once they finished, they started to migrate towards the tea pavilion. Or, the rest of them did.

"I should go and check on Sizhui. He should be awake by now." Jingyi stated as he rose up. He waved Wen Ning's stutering thanks away with practiced ease. *(He admired the archer to*

the moon and back, but how on EARTH did such a precious cinnamonroll end up as Wei Wuxian's best friend??) He bowed down to the rest of the table and excused himself-

Only to be joined by Jiang Cheng of all people. Jingyi felt sweat gathering on his neck. "Ah, Sect Leader Jiang? Not to be rude but- why are you coming with me?"

"What? I can't come to see my other nephew?" Jiang Cheng huffed, thought it was rather mellow compared to his usual snapping. Jingyi still tensed a bit before wildly shaking his head.

"No, no of course you can! It's just that I was wondering!" Jingyi tried to explain and almost melted into a puddle when the Sect Leader nodded.

They walked down the corridor in silence, that mostly felt calm. But it was awkward enough to make Jingyi feel like he should start talking about something. But surprisingly, he wasn't the one who broke the silence.

Jingyi came to a halt next to the sect leader, when the older man suddenly stopped. Jiang Cheng turned to him, a complicated expression on his face. It was the same face he made, when he wanted to talk to Senior Wei, but he couldn't find the right words.

"A-Jing, you do know that you will always be welcomed in Lotus Pier, don't you?" Jiang Cheng asked, dropping his hand on Jingyi's shoulder. He held his gaze, when Jingyi looked up. "No matter when, how or why- anytime you come or ask for help, we will have your back."

Jingyi was a bit baffled. Why did the sect leader feel like he was in need of being reminded of this?... Expect if...

"You heard about our night hunt." Jingyi stated, a bit bitter that the story had spread even here. Jiang Cheng raised an eyebrow at that, but he didn't tell Jingyi to polish up his manners.

"Wei Wuxian wouldn't shut up about how proud and worried he had been of you two." Jiang Cheng replied. He didn't look away thought, as he continued. "I'm sure he and Lan Wangji already reminded you of your own sect's support. So I am doing the same. ALWAYS come to ask for help, when you need it."

"... But if I don't want to NEED any help?" Jingyi whispered, lowering his eyes. Jiang Cheng's eyes softened but the grip on his shoulder staid strong.

"Then we help you get stronger. But remember. Everyone needs help sometimes. You, Lan Qiren, My mother, me... Everyone. ***And ESPECIALLY Wei Wuxian.***" Jiang Cheng stated.

Jingyi smiled a little at that. Feeling brave, now that the Sect Leader had been so familiar with him, he looked up with a hopeful smirk.

"Then, would Uncle Cheng be kind enough to help this disciple with his sword forms during this visit?" He suggested. He was only half joking- he really would to get some training in while they were here. The older man offered him a wolf-like grin.

"Oh believe me. When I'm done drilling some basic training back into you three, you won't think I'm kind in any way." Jiang Cheng claimed, smile full of teeth. Marching onwards not unlike a very smug feline would.

Jingyi felt the cold sweat picking up on him again, but it wasn't an unwelcome feeling. Jingyi jogged to catch up with the man, grinning a bit.

Before they reached Sizhui's room, the mentioned disciple met them half-way there. Sizhui looked considerably better. He had *colour* on his face, for one. His hair was a bit ruffled by his naps, but otherwise he looked as pristine as always. When he saw them, he immediately saluted them.

"Sizhui! You feeling better?" Jingyi shouted as he run up to his friend. Sizhui flinched a bit at the loud voice and glanced at Sandu Shengshou. When the sect leader didn't react, Sizhui turned back to answer his friend.

"Yes, I am. Thanks Jingyi- and I am sorry I could not greet you earlier sect leader Jiang." Sizhui answered, apologizing with a bow. Jiang Cheng raised an eyebrow and motioned for Sizhui to stand up.

"You were unwell, were you not? So don't apologise. Though be warned, my mother will most definitely fuss over you for rest of the evening." Jiang Cheng remarked, before turning around. "Come now, lets not make the others wait. I'm sure your fathers are there by now."

Indeed, Wei Wuxian and Lan Wangji were waiting for them with others in the pavilion. They rose up to greet Jiang Cheng properly- or Lan Wangji did, while Wei Wuxian rushed to tackle his boys into a hug. Seeing him coming, Jiang Cheng side stepped out of his brother's way and saluted to Lan Wangji. Sizhui, who had accepted his fate long ago, let it happen and only sighed in defeat. Jingyi on the other hand...

"Gah! Senior Weiiiiii- PleaSE let us GO!!" Jingyi whined, struggling to get out of the older man's hug.

Wei Wuxian only laughed and took a better grip on his boys, nuzzling both of their heads with his cheeks. Boys turned bright red and even Sizhui started squirming a bit, when they heard soft chuckling from the other adults.

Jin Ling didn't laugh- he saw that he could very well be in danger himself and so he tactically moved behind his father. Jin Zixuan sighed, but ruffled his son's bangs fondly.

"Now why would I do that? I haven't seen you two since we came here! I hear you've been spending time with everyone except me and Lan Zhan! I'm hurt A-Jing!" Wei Wuxian

claimed, dragging both boys with him to the table, where he finally let go of them. They sighed in relief while Jiang Cheng scoffed, as he and Lan Wangji also joined them.

"Wei Wuxian, you really have no shame. First I have to get your husband to drag you here and when you arrive, you throw out all the manners we and Lans have hammered into you. By heavens, as your brother I don't mind but as a sect leader I feel INSULTED." Jiang Cheng scolded relentlessly before sighing and massaging the space between his eyebrows.
"Honestly, how has no one cut off your head yet?"

"Because I have the righteous Hanguan-jun to protect me!" Wei Wuxian chirped, not at all bothered by Jiang Cheng's disappointment. (He did offer him a salute anyway. It got a snort out of Jiang Cheng, so to him it was enough.)

Jingyi and Sizhui almost drop their tea cups, when Wei Wuxian suddenly started ruffling their hair again. He ignored their yelps and continued talking with his brother. "Besides, you can't blame me for wanting to rush to them! By the way, how do you feel A-Yuan? Did you get anything to eat?"

"I feel better, thank you. And Jingyi made sure I had food when I woke up." Sizhui replied, a bit dazed from all the commotion. Noticing this, Lan Wangji stopped Wei Wuxian from bothering their son further.

"Wei Ying." Lan Wangji called and nodded his head towards Jingyi, once he got his husband's attention. Wei Wuxian immediately stopped fussing and nodded to his husband.

However-

"Actually. We still haven't spend much time together with A-Jing, have we A-Xuan?" Jiang Fengmian hummed, playful spark in his eyes.

Yu Ziyuan huffed, knowing full on well what her husband was planning. But she didn't comment.

Jin Zixuan, also catching on, sighed. He had hoped that he could remain out of this, but it looked like his plans had been put to halt. He nodded and verbalized his submission. "Indeed. I am guessing you have something in mind already, father-in-law?"

"Well, since we are going to be releasing lanterns to kick off the festivities, I thought we could teach A-Jing how to make lanterns. A-Yuan and A-Ling are already very versed in the art, but A-Jing hasn't joined us nearly as often." Jiang Fengmian revealed his thoughts.

And while Jingyi COULD have said that he had thought about just buying one- once the elder man's hopeful and excited eyes fell on him, Jingyi knew he had no escape. So he nodded without really thinking about it. Zixuan seemed to have thought the same, since he also nodded and stood up to join them.

"Well then, I guess we will leave first. My Lady- everyone. We will be seeing you." Jiang Fengmian offered. Before Jingyi even knew it, he had been swept away by the two men.

("... Did... Did Father just-?")

"Oh dear. A-Jing couldn't even finish his tea."

"Hump. That silly man."

"UNCLE JIANG-! GOD DAMN IT PEOPLE! STOP STEALING MY KIDS!")

"Um... Not that I'm not interested or anything but..." Jingyi stumbled over his words almost as badly as he did with this DAMN LANTERN-! He winced as his fourth attempt crumbled down. He coughed before continuing, cheeks red. "... But why do you insist on making your own lanterns?"

Fengmian chuckled, before offering a helping hand. Jingyi took it easily enough and started from scratch. Again. Fengmian hummed a little, before answering. "Well, for the most part, it is a skill that has been in my family for decades. In the beginning, lanterns were used in warfare- therefore, it was essential for everyone to know how to build one from bare materials."

"But when peace time came, they weren't as needed anymore- and more effective methods were invented, so the lanterns became something of a tradition. Very few still build their own- but as my father taught me and Ziyuan, I've taught it to my children and their partners."

Jin Zixuan huffed, already done with his own lantern. It wasn't nearly as good looking as Fengmian's, but it was a visible improvement from last year. He ignored the chuckles escaping from the other two as he shared his own observations. "And now you've stolen the same honour from us by teaching all your grandkids. Yanli was very disappointed. Thankfully, A-Ling didn't mind learning it from her too."

"Ah... Yes, *I remember*." Fengmian coughed, a little red dusting over his cheeks.

Jingyi was intrigued by this and seeing the boy's glancing, Fengmian felt obligated to continue. "She was quite furious with me. And I admit, maybe I've went a bit overboard- *but if I saw my children and their own kids more often*, then I wouldn't have to steal them. Isn't that right, **A-Jing?**"

Jingyi jumped, effectively crushing his newest attempt. DAMN IT! HE WAS SO CLOSE! He hadn't been expecting to become part of the conversation. Thought now he wondered...

Unable to remain silent, Jingyi spoke up. "Is that the reason why Senior Wei refused to talk to you during our visit year back? Because you taught Sizhui how to build a lantern before he could?"

Fengmian blushed bright red while Zixuan laughed whole heartedly. While Fengmian stuttered and tried to gather himself, Zixuan took Jingyi's hand and put it over a joint that looked- very wrong. It should not look like that.

Seeing Jingyi's clear frustration, Zixuan putted in before he could start redoing it. "Just loosen up the string a bit. And then-"

With the help from both adults, Jingyi finally managed to complete his lantern. It was- it wasn't PRETTY but honestly Jingyi could care less. He made it himself and it would WORK. *(According to Fengmian, at least.)* Jingyi had stars in his eyes and he thanked them both with a bow. They just chuckled. When they made their way back to others, Zixuan became oddly serious.

"Jingyi. I- I... I am terrible at this." Zixuan sighed, before trying again. Fengmian patted his shoulder encouragingly, no doubt having done this often with Jiang Cheng.

Jingyi stayed quiet, interested in what the sect leader had to say to him. *(Really, he wondered what it was with all these adults today. All of them had something to say to him.)*

"Jingyi, first of all. Thank you for always being a good friend to A-Ling. I know you two fight a lot, but you still care about each others a lot. It means so much to Yanli and I to know, that our son has friends he can count on." Zixuan expressed, hands crossed tightly behind his back. Jin Ling had that same habit. When he was nervous and didn't want to show it.

But he looked at Jingyi, which was more than enough to assure him that the sect leader was being true. "Should you ever feel like you didn't know what to do, always feel free to come and ask us. Jin sect will always welcome you and A-Yuan with open arms."

Jingyi was stunned. WHAT WAS IT WITH THESE PEOPLE TODAY?! Before he could ask if the sect leader was feeling well, Zixuan opened his mouth again. "As for the second thing- I think we both can agree, that while Wei Wuxian and Hanguang-jun are the most amazing cultivators of our time, they are TERRIBLY ignorant at times. So please, be patient with them."

"Indeed. I know A-Ying and Wangji can be a bit... Well. They try." Fengmian added with a fond but tired chuckle. He patted Jingyi's head, smiling that twinkling smile that he reserved only to his family. "No one is ever truly PREPARED for parenthood, but I think they have done good job with you two."

...What?

"Sect Leader Jin, wait- Elder Jiang, **what did you-?**"

Neither responded for the rest of the walk, leaving poor Jingyi even more puzzled than he had been before.

When they got to the others, they also had finished their own lanterns. Jingyi immediately glued himself to Sizhui and Ling, in case more adults would try to swarm him. Sizhui looked at him knowingly, but refused to explain. Jin Ling wasn't much better, teasing him about his

flustered appearance. *(Neither one made fun of his lantern thought. They actually gave it few compliments. That made him immensely happy.)*

He glanced at Senior Wei and Hanguan-jun. They were speaking with Fengmian and Zixuan- or well, Wuxian was glowering at them and Wangji did the same, but silently. They seemed to be in a heated argument (Zixuan and Wuxian), before Yanli joined them. The air seemed more calm after that, but there was still a bit tension there. Not sure why, but Jingyi felt like he had caused that.

"Hey... Am I the only one who thinks everyone is acting strange?" He finally opened to his friends, but it was not Sizui or Ling who responded.

"Oh don't mind them. They are just being fussy." Wen Qing stated as she and her brother joined them with their own lanterns.

(Their lanterns had red, sun-like-flowers on them. While Jingyi's had blue bunnies, Sizhui had purple, red and blue butterflies and Ling had-

"Young master Jin, please keep your lantern out of Master Wei's eyes." Wen Ning requested, eyeing the said man with worry now. Ling grimaced but put a cloth over the lantern, so that the dog paintings weren't visible. Sizhui bowed a bit, thanking Ling for his consideration.)

"Well, that doesn't explain WHY everyone seems to want to talk to me today. And no one has STILL not explained to me, why I was supposed to come here too." Jingyi huffed.

And suddenly everyone in their small group was staring at him like he was an idiot. EVEN WEN NING! He felt his ears burning as he choked out: "What?"

"Aunt Qing... Are you sure that-?" Sizhui started, looking at the older healer who just shook her head. She looked very tired with life. (Or maybe she was just tired of them?)

She grumbled her reply. "No, they don't share parentage. But I would not be above of thinking that they somehow share a brain cell."

"OKAY COULD SOMEONE PLEASE EXPLAIN?!"

"Explain what?" Wuxian chuckled, joining their circle with Hanguan-jun.

That, effectively, shut everyone up. But now they were just glaring at them? They both seemed just as confused to be in the receiving end of that glare. "Um... A-Yuan?"

"Fix this. NOW." Sizhui stated.

Then he proceeded to dragging his aunt and uncle to talk with Jiangs, while Ling trailed behind them, acting like they saw nothing. The other adults seemed to get the hint and continued on their way towards the docks, leaving the three of them alone in the courtyard.

Jingyi was STILL very, very confused and turned towards his seniors. "Senior Wei, Hanguan-jun. PLEASE. Tell me you know what this is about. Everyone has been acting so weird the whole day."

They looked at each others for a long time. Apparently, reading each others' thoughts and making him feel uncomfortable. In the end, it was Wuxian who broke the silence. He chuckled softly before turning to Jingyi.

"Well, I guess we won't get a better timing." He muttered before speaking up. "A-Ling told us, that you have absolutely no idea why you were required to join us here. Is this true?"

Confused and now kinda of worried, Jingyi nodded. "Is... Is it a bad thing? This disciple apologises if I have forgotten something essential."

Wei Wuxian looked sad and very, very troubled. Lan Wangji stepped a bit forward, bending ever so slightly down so he could look into his eyes.

He joined in his husbands efforts by voicing his own concerns. "You are sure? Nothing comes to mind?"

Jingyi nodded, already trying to count how many months he would have sit in the ancestry hall for not listening. "I am sorry, it seems I have not listened-"

"No, no Jingyi. This isn't your fault, but ours. We should have made this clear a long time ago." Wuxian corrected him, his normal smile out of picture.

He took a deep breath before starting to unveil this mystery. "Jingyi. You have been part of our lives for eleven years. First you were only A-Yuan's friend to us- but you made it very clear that you were there to stay. If someone asked me about my kids, I could not start thinking about A-Yuan without you. So we asked Xichen-gege if we could adopt you. Without- finding out about your family situation first... We really should have thought that through better Lan Zhan."

"Wei Ying. Focus."

"Right, right. So, that's how we learned of your parents. And that you were living with your grandmother. You probably remember us asking if you would like living with us instead? We did offer to house you often, but you didn't want to leave your Granny alone."

"And by the time she passed away, you had already moved into the disciple dorms. And we... Er. We just. Thought it was obvious and never actually asked you what you thought of it." Wuxian more or less babbled out.

Jingyi felt his head reeling. What was happening? How- well, it didn't really bother him, he had told them about his parents himself a long time ago. Back when they first started learning about Sunshot Campaign. Listening to Lan Qiren teach about the massacre his parents had fought and died in was... Unreal. He couldn't picture them amongst the endless sea of faces that were lost in the battles. He had needed something concrete. Anything.

So he went to Lan Wangji and asked about them. He hadn't been able to tell much- but he did tell enough. Enough that Jingyi had been able to accept their demises.

They had never pitied him for it and A-Yuan more than understood his sorrow. But to think...

Hanguang-jun took out a small box and handed it to Wei Wuxian, who suddenly had... Tears in his eyes. He fiddled with the box, looking like he recalled something from way back. Lan Wangji leaned closer to him, slowly rubbing circles onto his back.

Even Jingyi could see that he was almost drowning in his head. *(It didn't happen as often these days. But. It did happen.)* With a shake of his head, Wuxian carefully offered the box to him. It sounded like he had to force the words out, but he managed to utter out.

"I know you are already part of our family because of your Lan roots. But I wanted you to know that you are accepted and loved by my extended family too. That we as a whole love you. If... If you accept us, then, it would our honour to have you as our son. Officially."

Jingyi stared at them. He couldn't speak. Every thought in his head was frozen still. Slowly, with shaking hands, he reached out to accept the box. *(Senior Wei's arms shook as well, he noted.)* He lifted the lid and stared.

Inside was a Yunmeng Jiang sect's bell. There was also a peony charm, that he could attach to his jade token.

Confusion and awe alike shone from his face as he raised his head to look at the nervous couple before him. He had to swallow few times, before he could get his voice to work again. "What are these?- or well. Why?"

"It's a tradition in Yunmeng Jiang sect to offer Jiang bells to the main family's extended family members. Peacock was offered one after his and Shijie's wedding. A-Ling got his on his one month celebration. A-Yuan and Lan Zhan got theirs after Lan Zhan and I got married. I... I've been planning to give this to you for YEARS. But I thought it was never the right time and... I thought you wouldn't want to be part of our family. But then we got so used to you being in it that I just. Forgot." Wuxian offered, shrugging a bit in the end. He leaned closer to Lan Wangji, seemingly shivering a bit.

"The peony charm is from Jin Zixuan and Jin Ling. They wanted you to know that to them, you are also family. A-Yuan and we also have them." Wangji added. He pulled his husband closer as he struggled to voice his thoughts.

"If... If this feels too formal or. Like we are forcing you then. You don't have to accept this. We aren't trying to replace your parents and your Granny. But we've felt that you. That you are part of our family. For a long time. So no matter what. We'll accept it and support you. All of us. Our love is not limited to just family."

"... I... I..." Jingyi felt like crying. He really did.

How had he not NOTICED? How many times had he tried to think back. Back to the time when he still lived with his parents, only to remember nothing but small glimpses of them.

All he could remember were his granny, A-Yuan, senior Wei and everyone from Lan Clan. If he was asked, who helped him with his homework when he was a kid, he'd say Hanguang-jun or Wei Wuxian. If someone asked him, who held and comforted him when he was a kid, he'd say Hanguang-jun and Wei Wuxian. *(Occasionally also granny and Lan Xichen.)*

Who made him laugh when was sad? Wei Wuxian and Sizhui. Even Lan Wangji sometimes.

Who scolded him when broke rules or acted without thinking? (**EVERYONE**) Lan Wangji. Wei Wuxian only scolded him if it was dangerous.

Who guided him when he was lost? Wei Wuxian, Lan Wangji. Jiang Cheng, Jin Zixuan.

Who had nursed him when he was sick? Wei Wuxian, Lan Wangji. Wen siblings.

They had never showed him any less love than they did for Sizhui. They both had an equal place in their hearts and they never failed to show their affection for either of them.

He had never BEEN anything but their son. So why would he not accept, what he had already been?

Jingyi laughed airily and jumped to hug both of them with all strength he had. "Of course! Of course I'm your son!"

That night, Jingyi stood next to Sizhui with his head held high, as his Yunmeng bell softly swayed on his belt next to his jade token and the peony charm gleamed under the lanterns.

Through out the whole evening, he listened as everyone scolded and teased Wei Wuxian and Lan Wangji on their own turn. (*And once they got back to Cloud Recesses, they would continue to hear about this for weeks.*) But through out all of this, the warmth in his chest was kept up by casual hair ruffles, side hugs, gentle touches and familiar hands on his head or shoulder.

Lan Jingyi could never after that even dare to imply that he was NOT loved.

Chapter End Notes

WELL. THAT TOOK LONGER THAN I EXPECTED. To be fair thought, I hadn't planned on writing this to be so long. But once I got into it, I just. Couldn't stop.

I tried to keep it as clean as possible, but there were so many characters and so many scenery swifts, that I could hardly keep up. I'll probably clean it up once my eyes have rested and I haven't looked at this for long enough time, but plz still inform me of any mistakes you spot!

(DO NOT EXPECT THE LAST CHAPTER TO BE LONGER THAN THIS. I HAVE NO INTENTION OF EVER DOING THIS AGAIN XD Gods I HATE writing long chapters.)

I hold NO PROMISES when the last chapter will be out, but it will definitely NOT come out during what's left of this year. So, for now. Enjoy your holidays and have a

nice new year! Until we see again!

Love is You

Chapter Summary

A certain date comes. Jingyi is once again acting strange, but for once, he knows that. That doesn't make anyone worry any less- but the end result is much more than worth all of that.

Or: Jingyi shows just how much he adores his parents. (While author continues on butchering Chinese culture and English language.)

Chapter Notes

Author apologizes for butchering Chinese culture.

Takes place in an AU universe, where nobody died except

- The Wens Nobody Liked
- Jin Guanshan
- Jin Guangyao
- Xue Yang

Wen Ning and Wen Qing are very much alive and kicking

Wei Wuxian and Lan Wangji are married. Wei Wuxian never died.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Peace. That was all he could feel at the moment.

Wei Wuxian closed his eyes. A gentle breeze rustled the grass under him and ran through his hair. Bunnies grazed around him, undisturbed by their usual chaser. Lan Wangji was sitting behind him, humming to himself as he ran his fingers through his lover's hair. Neither of them had any duties or work to do, so they had opted to just have a quiet day between two of them. It wasn't like they had too many free days like this.

Sun shone on a clear sky, warm and comforting. The mountains didn't get too hot even during the summer, so the air didn't feel as heavy or humid as in Lotus Pier. Wei Wuxian smiled as he reminisced about their schooldays. Similar days spend running through the forests, hunting, playing and laughing with friends. Or sitting inside a library, teasing his now husband.

It was almost enough to make them forget, that it was the sixteenth anniversary of the most vicious war the cultivation world had ever faced.

As time had continued to crawl onwards, open wounds had started to close and people moved on again. The anniversary had become... Something. Not a festival, not a banquet- it was still too raw of a wound for that. But it had become something that everyone seemed to celebrate and remember in their own ways. Some people would eat and celebrate the good side of it. Others would sing and tell tales of the war. Others, they would be mourning in silence for the ones they had lost and missed.

Lan Shizui also had his own way of remembering it. He had gone with Wen Ning and Wen Qing to see the rest of his relatives that had been relocated. Very few of them had been left to same places to make their integration easier for all of them. But that also meant, that the three of them would be away for at least a month. (It was already so quiet. Wei Wuxian and Lan Wangji couldn't help but miss them.) Even Lan Xichen had left. To discuss important matters with sect Leader Nie- well. That's what he said anyway. Wei Wuxian and Lan Wangji knew that really he just went to visit his lover, so that the two of them could grieve their sworn brother in peace.

While most of the world was happy to forget, the two of them naturally had it harder than most. They had cared, after all.

Lan Qiren wouldn't openly approve of it. The man was stubborn, after all. But he never tried to fight it. He would take care of the sect matters with Lan Wangji, once Lan Xichen was gone and greet him once he returned. And if a lit incense could be found in the ancestry hall, where Lan Qingheng-jun's ancestral tablet was... Well, no one but Wei Wuxian would suspect Teacher Lan himself to ever break the curfew. But he wasn't about to say anything. Grief was silent in Gusu. It would do him good to respect at least that.

And silent it was. The whole mountain felt like a grave really. In Wei Wuxian's eyes, Lan robes looked even more like mourning clothes during this time of the year. Even their cute disciples had quieted down! (Well. More than usually. Lan Qiren MAY have been right about Wei Wuxian's influence among the juniors... Just a bit.) They behaved well and made sure not to bother the adults too much. They seemed to especially avoid them. Which Wei Wuxian, for once, actually appreciated. It was never the most pleasant memory to remember. However, there was one person, who's avoidance had been nipping at his nerves.

"Hmm... Lan Zhan, has A-Jing been avoiding you too?" Wei Wuxian pondered out loud, attentively studying his husband's reaction. His husband's eyebrows furrowed a bit and his lips turned down into a small frown.

"Hm. Has been since we came back from Lotus Pier." Lan Wangji admitted, thinking back in their small trip couple weeks ago. The couple had left alone, since the kids had been off to a mission of their own. (They had, however given their dad two very firm hugs before departing. Wei Wuxian hadn't even teased them about it.) But since they had come back, they had hardly seen Jingyi or Sizhui. Jingyi actually had been outright avoiding them, since his friend/brother left.

The couple was starting to get uncomfortable with this silence and especially with not knowing what had caused it. They didn't think the trip in itself could be the reason for this sudden change. After all, the trip was for a memorial ceremony. Even though everyone from the main Jiang family survived the burning of Lotus Pier, a lot of their disciples still died.

Wei Wuxian still remembered and missed them, so he made sure to always come on time. He had made sure to tell the kids that they were welcomed to join them, but they had assured them that they had wanted to take part in Gusu's own memorial ceremonies. Which they understood- Gusu had been burned not long after the attack on Lotus Pier. It only made sense for Lan Jingyi to stay- and Sizhui had always stayed to support his friend.

They had had this routine for YEARS. So they really had no idea why the teenager was avoiding them like a cup of fresh wine?

"Do you think it might have something to do with his parents-? No, actually, don't answer that. I know how those kids are." Wei Wuxian agreed with a slight grimace. There were so many tragedies in this mess of a family that it was sometimes hard to keep track. But he did know that Lan Jingyi would probably need some support now.

It bothered him that they hadn't realized Jingyi felt like an outsider in his own family. (Very literally, since he was a blood cousin to the Twin Jades. So really, he should have counted himself in there SOMEWHERE.) They had watched the kid grow up. Surely they would have had time to see that? Apparently not. They had been trying very hard with everyone to make up for it, but Jingyi had a bad habit of looking down on his own worth. And to bottle up his worries. Something Lan Zhan said he also did. And for once, Wei Wuxian couldn't say anything back.

Wei Wuxian sighed and started rising up. "We should go and look for him. The faster we dig into this, the better."

Before he could stand completely, Lan Wangji pressed his shoulder gently. His husband raised an eyebrow, but complied and let his head fall back into Lan Wangji's labs. "Really Lan Zhan, you could just say you don't want to move just yet. But my dear, adorable, handsome husband- we really ought to move."

Huangun-jun's face softened a bit, his earlobes burning slightly as he caressed his lovers hair. "Hn. Better to wait. Jingyi will come to us if it's something he wants our input on."

Wei Wuxian wasn't made for sitting still or for waiting. So Lan Wangji wasn't really surprised that his suggestion made his husband frown. Lan Wangji kissed the others forehead, successfully erasing many of the wrinkles that had gathered there. Wei Wuxian sighed before burying his face deeper into his husbands shoulder.

"... I know. And I trust him, I do. I just hate waiting, not knowing what is wrong. And usually A-Jing comes straight to us if he has a problem." Wei Wuxian admitted wistfully. Lan Wangji hummed.

"Hm. He is growing up. He probably wants to see if he can handle it himself before asking for help." Lan Wangji offered and Wei Wuxian sighed dramatically.

"Aa'a. Our kids are getting so big! Soon they'll be flying all around China and we barely see them anymore! And then some day they will come home telling they fell in love with a war criminal, got saddled with their sick, crying kid with no memories of the other parent. And they'll be bleeding, covered in scars and begging for protection-" Wei Wuxian snorted when he

saw Lan Wangji's face tightening. "Husband dear, why such a face? You know that I'm only playing around! Like we'd let something like that happen!"

"... Wei Ying."

"HAHAHA!"

Meanwhile, on the other side of Cloud Recess, Lan Jingyi was working hard while cleaning a small house.

It was surrounded by other residences around it, but they were far enough to give some privacy. In front of the house, there was few small flower beds, filled with very colourful and bright flowers. They were very unlike-Lan, with their messy arrangement and clashing colours. The house itself looked very worn and old- like it hadn't been maintained for a while. And going with the amount of dust that was coming out as Jingyi kept sweeping, it was a LONG while.

"HUEH!" Jingyi exclaimed, falling on a small seating cushion and then on his back. Thought, he did hit his head on the floor when he did that. "OUCH!" Jingyi whined as he curled up from the pain, thought that only lasted for a while. As the spike of pain left, Jingyi opened his eyes and stared at the old ceiling.

A bright coloured lantern hung over him. Jingyi could hazily remember his mother sitting by the table while making. It was red- very, very unusual colour in Gusu. (Well, it had been before Senior Wei) There were rows of tiniest yellow flowers on the bottom, winding up like a rope. It looked like a festival lantern really, and it cast a warm light in the room. He remembered swatting at it continuously, as she had worked on it. She had laughed while scolding him.

The memory was faint, as always. He couldn't even remember what she had sounded like, but small things like that lingered still.

Sitting up, Jingyi took in the rest of the room he was in. There were four ink paintings on a wall. Three beautiful, carefully and masterfully painted mountain sceneries. And a fourth which was very, very clearly made by a child. Jingyi remembered how his father had praised him for painting their house so well. How his granny continued to treasure it through everything.

Granny used to be Jingyi's rock. She once said that Jingyi would forget his own head if she wasn't there to remind him. Well, he still had his head. But it certainly was heavier than back then.

Under all the dust and stale air, he could still smell her. Ginger, Osmanthus's strong aroma and a hint of various tea leaves. He closed his eyes and he could see it all again. Granny going from room to room while cleaning, scolding him when he had once again managed to ruin perfectly good robes with dirt and grass.

Both of them sitting around the table eating and talking about their day. Both very aware of the rules but not really caring. Granny telling him about his parents, saying to always love them and never forget them. Warm but fragile hands over his-

He opened his eyes and what greeted him was an empty house, dusty and dark. He couldn't help but wonder how someone could feel so full yet hollow at the same time. He turned his eyes towards the small altar in the corner of the room. He felt a pile rising in his throat.

He had to leave. Leave this room. This house-

Jingyi shook his head, clearing away the overwhelming grief. He had made a promise to do this. And granny would have held him onto it. So He rose up once more and continued to clean. And cleaning. And cleaning. Kept that up way past dinner. He had gotten himself something to eat before going, so it wasn't like he was starving.

Every now and then, he stopped for an item or a memory. Taking it all in slowly, breathing through it all one thing at a time. He felt bad, for leaving it all for so long. It almost made him think he was a bad grandson.

But granny and his parents would have understood. And he came back, after all.

When he finally left, a day had already gone by. He made sure to avoid being seen, as he was far too tired to be scolded for skipping class for two days in a row. (It wasn't like he MEANT to do that! He just. Forgot)

He was ready to be teased and poked at by his fellow disciples. But when he got back to the dorms, he was the only one there.

"Huh?! WHERE THE HECK IS EVERYBODY?!"

[LET'S PAUSE HERE. To understand what's happening, we need to go 24 hours back in time.]

"Aa'a. Our kids are getting so big! Soon they'll be flying all around China and we barely see them anymore! And then some day they will come home telling they fell in love with a war criminal, got saddled with their sick, crying kid with no memories of the other parent. And they'll be bleeding, covered in scars and begging for protection-" Wei Wuxian snorted when he saw Lan Wangji's face tightening. "Husband dear, why such a face? You know that I'm only playing around! Like we'd let something like that happen!"

"... Wei Ying."

"HAHAHA-! OH! Lan Zhan! We should call A-Jing to eat with us in Jingshi! It's been so long since we did that with the boys! I want to make sure that kid is eating enough!"

"Un. Will ask a disciples to give him a word."

The pair left the meadow after that, informing a younger disciple of their plans. The kid walked off as fast as it was allowed and left the couple to their own again. After relaying instructions to the kitchen and servants, he set off to find the wayward disciple. After looking for the older boy from everywhere and still not seeing even a hair, he was starting to get confused. So, he went to ask around.

"Hey, has anyone seen Jingyi?" He asked once he found a cluster of his classmates by the river. Most of them frowned at each other, trying to remember.

"Nope- not since yesterday." One hesitantly wondered, now getting concerned.

"I have! Yesterday, he said he would be completing his latest punishment today." A younger boy stated, sounding proud to actually know something the elder disciples didn't. But instead of praises, this caused even more unrest among them.

"But he wasn't in class, so he'll probably have a new one ready for him by now." One of the more distant Lan cousins joked, trying to lighten the mood. Doing exactly the opposite.

"He wasn't in class?" A fourth disciple asked, horror colouring his tone.

"Wait, I already looked from the Library Pavilion! And from what I heard, he wasn't even supposed to be there!" The original runner panicked, realising that he would have to tell Hanguan-jun that no one knew where his other adopted son was.

"What? But he SAID he DID-" The younger disciple asked, paling at the thought.

"Maybe he got something else other than lines this time? He can copy them with his eyes closed by now." Offered someone, but his playful remark wasn't being appreciated at the moment.

"No, but Hanguan-jun or the senior disciples didn't know anything about where to find him!" The first one repeated, slowly becoming more worried.

Soon enough, there was a mass panic among the younger and older disciples alike. They all started looking, but as soon as they concluded that they could not find the other from INSIDE the Cloud Recesses, someone went to inform Lan Qiren. Who, in his concern that there could be more disciples missing, immediately asked for head count.

A word was sent to their absent Clan Leader with an emergency scroll, being far faster than any messenger. From there, Wei Wuxian and Lan Wangji were informed and searching parties were formed. They made three groups: one to go to the Caiyi town, one to fly over their borders to see if there had been any sightings and one to the surrounding forests and meadows.

Lan Qiren was understandably very baffled and outraged, that not a SINGLE person in Cloud Recess seemed to know where the boy had gone to. Not a servant, a guard, a teacher or even a BUNNY seemed to know where to look from! (Yes, they had even looked through the back of the mountain. Only thing they found was a new litter.) The old teacher almost left to look for the boy himself, but Lan Wangji managed to talk his uncle into staying in case the boy came back himself. The older man was miffed, but didn't try to go against his nephew. He could see that he was more than worried enough.

At some point during the day, Lan Xichen and Nie Mingjue also arrived with a handful of Nie Culvins, who specialized in tracking. They were all exhausted from riding their swords and sabers on top speed, but they still joined their searching attempts against any complaints. (Nobody commented on how Nie Mingjue kept an arm around Lan Xichen's middle or how the Lan Sect Leader would every now and then lean against the bigger man's chest.)

The sun had almost set when the searching parties started to trickle back. Full of panic with no leads as to where the youth was.

"Where in the heavens has that boy gone to?? The only things missing are him, a set of robes he was wearing, his sword and a memento from his granny. Either he has purposely left everything else or he was taken very suddenly. But that doesn't explain the lying, and there are no sighs of struggle ANYWHERE. And someone would have noticed a young Lan disciple in the presence of someone else." Wei Wuxian brain stormed, worried and confused.

They hadn't stopped searching for the whole day and they had absolutely no leads. Nothing whatsoever. And Wei Wuxian REFUSED to believe that the young man had just gone up and left them without a word.

He hardly noticed when he started to shake. Or that his husband pulled him into a warm embrace as he slowly started to fall apart. Worried disciples gathered around, but stayed a little further to give them privacy.

Lan Wangji's face showed genuine pain as he held Wei Wuxian as tight as he could. He knew. Knew all the horror scenes his husband was painting in his head, just as he himself was. But he could not make sense of this either, so all he could offer was his attempt on comfort.

"Hm. We'll find him. But the juniors need to rest. And we too." He didn't like it anymore than his husband did, but these youngsters were getting tired. So, he nodded to the disciples to dismiss them, but they hesitated. They also didn't want to stop. But it was Hanguan-jun's order...

"Wangji!" Lan Xichen called, as he and Nie Mingjue hurried over.

They furrowed their brows at the gathered disciples who made way for them, but refused to leave their seniors behind. Lan Xichen glanced at the younger jade, who looked far worse than when they started.

Lan Xichen quickly escaped Mingjue's arms to be by his brother's side. "We didn't find anything. Mingjue's men are still looking, but they don't think that there will be any tracks to

find in the dark."

Lan Wangji seemed to crumble under those words. Before the older man could start offering to look longer, Lan Wangji shook his head. "Nothing. But it's late. Was about to order the disciples to return to their dorms."

"Yes, that seems like a reasonable thing to do." Xichen sighed, somewhere between relief and anxiety. He was about to continue, but he was cut off by distressed disciples.

"Please, we want to continue too!" One of the more braver little Lans stated. They had been on many hunts with Lan Jingyi as their supervisor and had become very close with the teen.

"Yeah! We can't stop now! It's already so late and we haven't found anything!" Second cried, eyes red and holding onto a friend who was staring at the Twin Jades defiantly. The two girls were friends with the junior and were refusing to accept that their friend had just disappeared.

"If we stop, we might miss something!!" Pleaded another, looking scared at the mere thought that someone might have taken a disciple from Gusu.

"Please, let us keep going! Our friend is missing-!" And so on and so on. The pleadings were more or less the same, and the Twin Jades were both at loss with what to do. Wei Wuxian was too out of and too fragile to say anything- thought their pleading did make him cry a little harder against Lan Wangji's shoulder.

"QUIET!" Nie Mingjue roared over all of them.

A complete silence fell to the small forest clearing.

The man nodded to Lan Xichen, who took his cue to continue. "Everyone, I know how you feel. But as you said, we have not found anything. And once it gets dark, we WON'T find anything. It is better to go back and try to see if we can gather a better picture there. Tomorrow we will try again. But now- everyone, back to Cloud recess."

"Yes Sect Leader...!" Thoroughly scolded, the disciples started mounding their swords and started making their way back. Nie Mingjue huffed, before turning his sad eyes to the still embracing couple.

"... A-Huan. My disciples and I will also return to Cloud Recess, if it would not be too troublesome. I'd like to make sure we find your nephew." He murmured when his lover came closer to him. Lan Xichen smiled and nodded. He hugged the other, grateful for the strong arms that squeezed him back.

"Thank you A-Jue. I'll follow you soon enough." Xichen whispered, nodding towards the couple behind them. Mingjue frowned but nodded, before taking off.

Now alone with his brother and his brother-in-law, Xichen felt the weight of worry setting back on top of him. He came closer slowly, before gently touching his brother's shoulder. "A-Zhan. A-Xian. We need to go back... But I promise we will find him."

The couple before him looked at him with such hopelessness and fear that Xichen couldn't help but to hug them. He gently led them back, without saying a word. What even could he say at a moment like this?

When they were finally got near the end of the stairs, they were met with joyous and angry shouts. Sharing a glance, all three of them hurried to get to the top.

And there, they saw Lan Jingyi being dog piled by juniors and seniors alike, all of the crying, scolding, screaming and laughing at the same time. Shocked, relieved and finally allowing the addreline to supside, all three suddenly fainted to ground from qi devastation.

(Well, Wei Wuxian and Lan Xichen did. Lan Wangji was left to hurriedly and numbly trying to catch them. Thought he followed soon enough when he got his own turn at hugging Lan Jingyi.)

After a long, long, emotionally and physically straining day, Gusu sect decided unanimously that the rules could be forgotten for this one night and everyone was given a room to stay in. (Honestly, everyone was just too tired and worried and emotional to care about curfew.)

Lan Jingyi DID however get a punishment for every rule he broke. (The next day. When they were sure their Sect Leader and Wei Wuxian would not die from qi devastation.) He also joined his fathers in Jingshi for dinner the next day.

"So. Would you like to explain, why you decided to disappear like dust in the wind for a whole day? And would that happen to have something to do with the fact, that you've been avoiding us?" Miffed Wei Wuxian questioned, evenly staring at his son. Lan Wangji sat next to him, quietly eating. (Wei Wuxian wasn't eating yet, so he technically could speak.) Jingyi seemed to shrink into himself, but seeing no way out, he sighed.

"I... I would rather show you. I know I scared everyone but that was HONESTLY not my intention! I just... Please. I'll take you there after dinner?" Jingyi begged, feeling how red his face was already. The couple glanced at each others and after a tense moment, Wei Wuxian picked up his chopsticks and started loading food on Jingyi's plate.

"Uh- Seni- DAD, the RuLEs..."

"A-Jing, shut your mouth and eat. You look like a chicken made of bones and skin! Gods, this is why that rule is so horrible! You are a growing boy! You need food! Eat, eat!"

"UM- Han-! Father??!"

"Hm. No talking allowed while eating, A-Jing."

After eating, Lan Wangji informed Lan Qiren of their plans. Normally he would have gone to his brother, but he knew better than to go anywhere near Hanshin with Mingjue still in there.

The three of them stepped on their swords (Jingyi insisted). Jingyi took lead, face still a bit red. The couple glanced at each others behind the boys back. Wei Wuxian could see how

tense the younger boy was from his back muscles. Not to mention he kept glancing back at them. Wangji also noticed that Jingyi was fiddling with his sleeves. A nervous habit.

Understandably, they were worried. Even scarred what had made the teen so meek. They were expecting to a lot of things.

They did NOT expect a landing in front of this small house. But that was wherr Jingyi lead them and turned around to face them. Before either of the older men got a single word out, he saluted them and bowed.

"Um... Senior Wei, Hanguan-jun. I, Lan Jingyi, most humbly welcome you to my family home. It may not be as clean or praise worthy as Jingshi, but please, come in. I... I want to introduce you. To my family." Jingyi started with his usual, very un-Lan-like yelling, but by the end it was closer to a whisper. He glanced up, when neither of the adults moved.

Wei Wuxian and Lan Wangji were both in shock. But they recovered, somehow. Without even looking at one another, they saluted and bowed back to Jingyi in sync.

Wei Wuxian blinked away sprouting tears as he spoke for both of them. "We would be honoured."

Jingyi nodded and trembled ever so slightly, as he opened the door for them. Wuxian slid his hand into Wangji's as they stepped inside.

Just like the outside, everything looked very un-Lan-ly, Wei Wuxian mused. Thankfully not out loud, but Lan Wangji still glanced at him like he knew what he was thinking. Lan Jingyi moved around them once the door was closed and led them to the center of the house. It was comfortable looking living room, with a small table, colourful cushions and lantern, with various paintings around the walls. Wei Wuxian smiled as he recognised a few from when their boys had been kids.

(Again, very un-Lan-ly. Most Lans kept their homes simple, clean and elegant looking, so as not to clutter or live excessively. Some did it so that there was nothing blocking the energies flowing there. And obviously, because they were cultivators who descended from A MONK, some did it to honour their ancestors. Not all thought, as Lan Wangji knew.)

In the farthest corner, was a small, simple ancestor shrine. Few offerings and incenses were already placed in front of ancestral tablet that held four names. The couple joined Jingyi on the floor, who was already kneeling before the shrine. Jingyi lit the incenses and all three of them bowed, in complete silence.

The silence dragged on for a moment until Jingyi managed to open his mouth. "Mother, Father. Granny, Grandpa... Hi."

It was funny. How Lan Jingyi, who always had way too much volume and way too much to say, suddenly couldn't form more than few whispers at a time. Still, Jingyi continued. "I know it's been a long, long time. And this unruly child is very sorry for that. I hope you'll forgive me. But it always hurts to come here. Because I always expect to see Granny at the door or tending her flowers but..."

Lan Wangji just listened, watching with an aching heart as Jingyi slowly opening up. He had watched him cover up these pains for years. It was gratifying to see him actually give his aches a voice. He wondered how come both of their sons had to face so much death in their young lives. And hoped his relatives could forgive him for not keeping a better watch over them.

Suddenly Jingyi couldn't look at the altar anymore. His gaze dropped to his hands, stiffly held together. He hiccupped as he spoke, tears making his voice hoarse. "But Granny, you aren't there. You aren't HERE anymore. And... Granny, A-Jing is really sorry for being such a bad grandson. I never visit and your home always gets so dusty without you... I'm sorry to you too Grandpa. That I couldn't always be with Granny, because I moved to the disciple dorms. You must have heard more than enough about my messes from her..."

Jingyi couldn't help a small chuckle, that made the couple behind him smile. They really wanted to hug their son, but that would have to wait. Jingyi needed this. He needed time.

Still very nervous, the teen coughed a bit, feeling his words drying up again as he started addressing his birthparents. "Um. Mother, Father. I, I know you loved me lots. I remember that- and, and Granny always made sure to tell me about you so! So I've never really forgot or tried to replace you! But I still found a new family. They've taken REALLY good care of me. I have a brother and LOTS of uncles and aunts and grandparents and cousins! (Well, of course I have many Lan relatives, but that's different.) I love every single one of them and and... They love me. So I... I wanted to introduce them to you."

Wei Wuxian smiled, but his hands curled up into fists on his lap. He thought he had already faced most of his worst fears. He had certainly faced more than enough of the dead to not feel intimidated. But as the hairs on the back of his neck rose and he could feel faint, whispering presents around them...

He found that he was truly *nervous*. For the first time in a very long time.

Jingyi smiled and raised his head again. "I'm sure you all remember cousin Wangji. Granny, you always told me you thought he looked really sad as a child, but don't worry! Hanguang-jun's smiles are still as prized as gems, but only because of how bright and warm they are!"

Wei Wuxian snorted. Lan Wangji just closed his eyes, ears slowly turning red.

The teen glanced over his shoulder, grinning at them, before turning back to the tablets. "Granny might also remember Senior Wei. Grandpa, Mother, Father. This is Wei Wuxian, mine and Shizui's dad and Wangji's husband. Thought Shizui used to call him as 'mom'. (He still does, sometimes. But he is really embarrassed about that so don't tell him I told you that!) He's a lot like Granny was, actually. He likes to break rules and cause mayhem, but he is a really good person."

They are the best guardians I could have ever hoped to have." Jingyi glanced at the awed and encouraging couple behind him and smiled. He turned shily back to the altar, blushing a bit. "I love them so much- they have always been there for me and Shizui. They... They are my family. And I hope that you will give them your blessings too."

"Aww... Come here, A-Jing!" That was all the warning Jingyi got, before he was pulled into a very, very strong and warm embrace. While he blushed furiously, he returned the hug with just as much gusto.

Lan Wangji, the only one still properly kneeling, smiled at his family before turning his attention back to the altar before him.

"Apologies for the late visit, cousins. We have not been able to, since we did not know where you were buried. But I hope you can forgive our rudeness... We love A-Jing very much. Have loved for as long as we've known him. He is a bright, playful and very studious boy." Lan Wangji spoke, staring at the altar with soft but determined eyes. "We have had the honour of loving him and we hope to continue to do so. This time, with your blessings."

He bowed again, Wei Wuxian copying him. Wei Wuxian, who still held Jingyi in his embrace, smiled at the altar. The presences were still there. Waiting.

"Um. Hello. I am Wei Wuxian- husband of the beautiful, elegant and righteous Hanguang-jun. And the other father of our beautiful and kind sons, Lan Shizui and Lan Jingyi." He started, carefully feeling for changes in the air. "I hope you weren't too offended that we hardly even asked for your permission or blessings. But we promise to visit with him and his brother more often and to tell you EVERYTHING you have missed on."

Wei Wuxian laughed, making the Lans in the room huff in amusement. "I'd imagine you must have been very worried, since he has not been visiting you. But no worries! Soon you'll wish to have you quiet home back to yourselves!"

Wei Wuxian settled and bowed again, a bit more serious now. "But truly, thank you. I love this boy to stars and back. Without you, Lan Zhan, A-Yuan and I would have never known this sunshine. It must have been terrible to be separated from him so soon... It's a pity that we never met. Other than Granny, I mean. So I hope you have a peaceful afterlife- hopefully you can find some comfort from knowing that he has been in good hands."

There was a moment of quiet, as all three bowed again. The smoke of the incenses floated quietly in the air, lazily forming into a spiral.

Wei Wuxian relaxed, as the additional fragments of spirits dissipated. Lan Wangji shared a glance with him, confirming that he had not imagined it.

Jingyi smiled. He could tell, even without Empathy or Inquiry that his family must have been happy. After all, he was. He was loved. He knew he was and he loved them back. With everything he had.

Chapter End Notes

I. AM. SO. SORRY. FOR EVERYTHING. I am a western person, so I have absolutely no idea about Chinese culture. I probably butchered it completely, but I hope you at least

got a smile out of this.

And yes. Wei Wuxian just accidentally described the canon LWJ's comeback to Gusu after he found A-Yuan. GOoD ThIng ThAt NEVeR hApPeNed iN tHEir Life! But really, I think LWJ's parents would have been righteously horrified. Or, at least, Madamn Lan would have been.

Also OOPS. My FinGer SliPpEd. *Drops the very much intended MingChen.*

MASSIVE thanks to all of you!! I'm so happy this many of you have come to show your love towards our little boy! He and all of you deserve all the praises and hearts in the world!!

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